

P. O. angle

347 u

Roundelay.



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Bodd del.

J. G. sculp.

M^{rs} Cargill M^r DuBellamy and M^r Palmer.*Marinetta**"Claim'd the merry, merry roundelay."*

ROUNDELAÏ

or the

New Series,

a Collection of

CHOICE SONGS

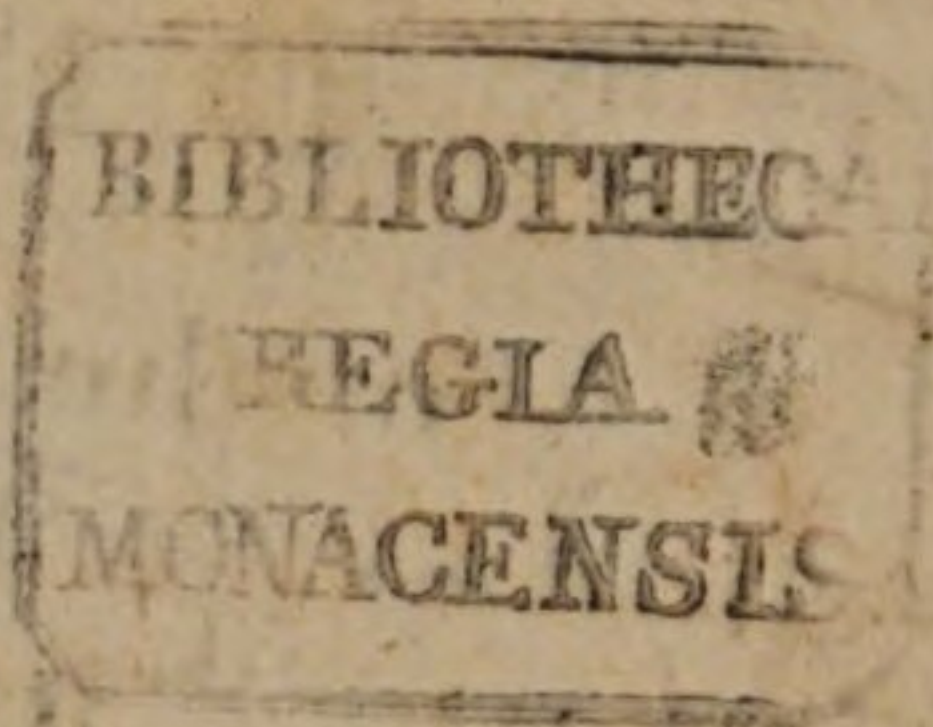
including the Modern.

A New Edition.



W. LANE

Printed for W. LANE, Leadenhall Street.



J*GROSSER

P R E F A C E.

FROM a deficiency of any collection of songs, but what have been confined to particular subjects, the following, which are general and various, are now offered the public.

In this selection, such of the old, as have stood the test of approbation, and are deservedly of merit and esteem, are retained, and the *new* that are now sung at the *theatres* and *public gardens*, have with care and assiduity been included; in which assortment they will be found the *superior* of this kind ever produced.

P R E F A C E.

And as complaints are made, that in a selection of this nature, they frequently abound with ribaldry and indecency, the greatest attention has been paid, that nothing of that tendency should be intruded; so that the *cautious* parent, friend, or preceptor, may present this book as an agreeable companion to the social mind.—Under these considerations, it is most respectfully submitted to the *public*, for their *patronage* and *protection*.

The EDITOR, filled with gratitude, for the very extraordinary support, and encouragement this book hath received from the PUBLIC—several very extensive editions having already been sold; thinks it his duty to present his thanks and acknowledgments for their favours, and to assure them, he has carefully selected all the new songs, in addition to this edition.

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ROUNDELAY;

OR, THE

NEW SYREN.

SONG,

ROUNDELAY.

*The favourite Song, sung by Mrs. Cargill, as
Marinetta, in the Carnival of Venice.**

IN my pleasant native plains,
Wing'd with blifs each moment flew;
Nature there inspir'd the strains,
Simple as the joys I knew;
Jocund morn and evening gay
Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

* Vide the elegant Frontispiece.

B

Fields and flocks, and flagrant flow'rs,
 All that health and joy impart ;
 Call'd for artless music's pow'rs
 Faithful echoes to the heart !
 Happy hours for ever gay
 Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring
 Wak'd the warblers of the grove ;
 Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,
 Would not join the song of love ?
 Your sweet notes and chauntings gay
 Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

S O N G.

THE GONDOLIER.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Carnival of Venice.

SOON as the busy day is o'er,
 And evening comes with pleasant shade,
 We Gondoliers from shore to shore,
 Merrily ply our jovial trade.

And while the moon shines on the stream,
 And as soft music breaths around ;
 The feathering oar returns the gleam,
 And dips in concert to the found.

Down by some convent's mould'ring walls
 Oft we hear the enamour'd youth ;
 Softly the watchful fair he calls,
 Who whispers vows of love and truth.

And while the moon, &c.

And oft where the Rialto swells,
 With happier pairs we circle round ;
 Whose secret sighs fond Echo tells,
 Whose murmur'd vows she bids resound.

And while the moon, &c.

Then joys the youth, that love conceal'd,
 That fearful love must own its sighs ;
 Then smiles the maid to hear reveal'd
 How more than ever she complies.

And while the moon, &c.

S O N G.

AS SURE AS A GUN.

Sung by Mrs. Wroughton.

SAYS *Colin* to me, I've a thought in my head,
 I know a young damsel I'm dying to wed.
 So please you quoth I—and when'er it is done,
 You'll quarrell and you'll part again, as sure as a
 gun ! &c.

And so when you're married, poor am'rous wight,
 You'll bill it and coo it, from morning till night ;
 But trust me, good *Colin*, you'll find it bad fun,
 Instead of which you'll fight and scratch—as sure as
 a gun ! &c.

But should she prove fond of her own dearest love,
 And you be as supple, and as soft as her glove ;
 Yet be she a saint and as chaste as a nun,—
 You're fasten'd to her apron strings—As sure as a
 gun !

Suppose it was you then, said he with a leer,
 You wou'd not serve me so, I'm certain, my dear :
 In troth I replied, I will answer for none,—
 But do as other women do—As sure as a gun !

S O N G.

YOUNG LUBIN.

Sung by Mrs. Cargill, in the Carnival of Venice.

YOUNG Lubin was a shepherd boy,
 Fair Rosalie a rustic maid ;
 They met, they lov'd ; each others joy,
 Together o'er the hills they stray'd.

Their parents saw, and bless'd their love,
 Nor wou'd their happiness delay ;
 To morrow's dawn their bliss should prove,
 To morrow be their wedding day.

When as at eve, beside the brook,
 Where stray'd their flocks, they sat and smil'd,
 One luckless lamb the current took,
 'Twas Rosalie's—she started wild.

Run, Lubin, run, my fav'rite save ;
 Too fatally the youth obey'd :
 He ran, he plung'd into the wave,
 To give the little wanderer aid.

But scarce he guides him to the shore,
 When faint and sunk, poor Lubin dies ;
 Ah Rosalie ! for ever more,
 In his cold grave thy lover lies.

On that lone bank—Oh! still be seen,
 Faithful to grief, thou hapless maid;
 And with sad wreaths of cypress green,
 For ever sooth thy Lubin's shade.

S O N G.

PATIE.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.

PATIE is a lover gay,
 His brow is never cloudy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy:
 Shape is handsome, middle size,
 He's stately in his walking,
 The shining of his een surprise,
 'Tis heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on the bawke,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There many a kindly word he spoke,
 That set my heart a glowing:
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he would be mine,
 And lov'd me best of any,
 That gave me like to sing finfine,
 O corn riggs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind,
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd
 We chastely should be granting.
 Then I'll comply and marry Patie,
 And from my cockernony;
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where corn riggs are bonny.

S O N G.

THE PETIT-MAITRE.

Sung by Mr. Parsons, in the Carnival of Venice.

THIS is a Petit-maitre's day—
 Awake at noon,
 Or scarce so soon,
 See him to his sofa creep,
 Sipping his tea—half asleep—
 Curse the vapours!
 Reach the papers—
 What's the Opera?—Dem the Play.
 Air my boots, I think I'll ride—
 Tho' rot it, no!
 It shakes one so—
 Let them bring the vis-a-vis:
 Lounging there, his Lordship see,
 With vacant air,
 And fullen stare,
 Born of dulness, rais'd by pride!
 Stop at Betty's!—What's the news?
 A battle they say—
 Have you pines to-day?—
 Yes, my Lord—We've beat the Dutch,
 Ha—some ice—I thought as much:
 What, and nothing more?
 That's a monstrous bore!—
 Well, drive to Issachar the Jew's.
 Last at Brookes's—deep at play;
 Issachar's debt,
 At Faro set,
 Win or loose, serenely sad,
 Calm he sits, nor vex'd, nor glad;
 'Tis half alive,
 He Cuts at five—
 This is a Petit-Maitre's day.

S O N G.

THE CAUTION.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.

FAIR Kitty's charms young Johnny took,
 So eager he for billing;
 When, lo! the nymph the swain forsook,
 To shew her power of killing!
 The shepherd briskly chang'd his tone,
 And cry'd coquette, remember,—
 The lover you refus'd in June,
 You'll wish for in December.

Young Johnny soon met Philomel,
 Good natur'd, blith and bonny;
 She sooth'd the love-sick swain so well,
 Proud Kate's forgot by Johnny.
 Coquettes take warning, change your tune;
 This woeful truth remember,—
 The lover you refus'd in June,
 You'll wish for in December.

Alas! poor Kate, with scythe so sharp,
 'Time o'er the forehead struck her:
 And now her charms begin to warp,—
 She's in a piteous pucker.
 Coquettes take warning, change your tune;
 This woeful truth remember,—
 The lover you refus'd in June,
 You'll wish for in December.

S O N G.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in the Carnival of Venice.

WHAT a lover is he that has nothing to give,
 But a look, and a vow, and a sigh?
 Silly maid, take my word, you should know how
 to live,
 Before you're so ready to die.

How stupid a pair are the bridegroom and bride,
 Who wed but for cooing and billing;
 Oh, how dull will they be, as they sit side by side,
 If it happens they're not worth a shilling.

At first, by good luck, every hour of the day,
 'Tis my darling, my soul's dearest pleasure;
 But at last says the wife, I want money to pay,
 Come, give it my heart's richest treasure!

"But I have it not, sweeting!"—This theme may
 breed strife—

"Come let us be cooing and billing"—
 Go, barbarous husband—go, termagant wife—
 So it happens when not worth a shilling.

S O N G.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Sung By Mr. Vernon.

YOUNG Colin having much to say,
 In secret to a maid,
 Persuaded her to leave the hay,
 And seek th' embow'ring shade;

And after roving with his mate,
Where none could hear or see,
Upon the velvet ground they sat
Under the greenwood tree.

Your charms, says Colin, warm my breast,
What must I for them give?
Nor night nor day can I have rest,
I can't without you live.
My flocks, my herds, my all is thine,
Could you and I agree,
O say, you to my wish incline
Under the greenwood tree.

Too late you tempt my heart, fond swain,
The wary lass replies,
A lad who must not sue in vain,
Now for my favour tries;
He bids me name the sacred day,
In all things we agree;
Then why should you and I now stay
Under the greenwood tree.

All this but serv'd to fire his mind,
He knew not what to do;
'Till to his suit she would be kind,
He would not let her go;
His love, his wealth, the youth display'd,
No longer coy was she;
At church she seal'd the vow she made
Under the greenwood tree.

S O N G.

JOHNNY COMES TO-MORROW.

Sung by Mrs. Wewitzer.

WISH me joy, ye nymphs and swains,
 Johnny comes to-morrow,
 He shall quickly glad the plains,
 Banish care and sorrow :
 He had left us now too long,
 Robb'd us of our treasure ;
 But he'll bring us dance and song,
 And every smiling pleasure.

If I've time I'll deck the bow'r,
 Once my swain delighting,
 Twine it round with many a flow'r,
 And with sweets inviting ;
 There he talk'd so well of love,
 Won my heart from sorrow ;
 There on wings of haste I'll rove,
 He'll be there to-morrow.

Come, my shepherd, quickly come,
 Where can thou be staying ?
 Love who wants thee now at home,
 Chides thy long delaying ;
 From to-day I'll never rove,
 But be blithe and bonny,
 For I never more shall live
 Without my sweetheart Johnny.

S O N G.

THE FEMALE CAPTAIN.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.

SOUND the fife, beat the drum, to my standard
 repair,
 All ye lads who will conquer or die ;
 At request of my sex, as a captain I come,
 The mens courage and valour to try.
 'Tis your king and your country now calls for
 your aid ;
 'Tis the ladies command you to go ;
 By me they announce it, and he who's afraid,
 Or refuses, our vengeance shall know.

Then first to the single these things I declare,
 So each maiden most firmly decrees ;
 Not a kifs will be granted, by black, brown, or fair,
 Not an ogle, a sigh, or a squeeze.
 To the married, if they but look glum, or say no,
 Should the Monfieurs dare bluster or huff ;
 We've determin'd, nem. con. that their foreheads
 shall show ;
 A word to the wife is enough.

These punishments we've in terrorem proclaim'd ;
 But still, shou'd your valour but lack,
 As our dernier resort, this resolve shall be nam'd,
 Which egad will soon make you all pack.
 We'll the breeches assume, 'pon my honour tis true,
 So determine maids, widows, and wives ;
 First we'll march, beat the French, then march
 back and beat you,
 Aye, and wear 'em the rest of our lives.

S O N G.

BLUE EY'D NANCY O.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

THE flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee;
 Tho' thou art drest in robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee:
 Thy graceful air, and modest look,
 Strikes ev'ry Shepherd's Fancy O;
 Thou'rt match for 'squire, for Lord or Duke,
 My lovely blue ey'd Nancy O.

Oh! were I but some shepherd's swain,
 To feed my flocks beside thee;
 To tend my sheep upon the plain,
 In milking to abide thee:
 I'd think myself a happier man,
 With thee to please my fancy O,
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
 Had I my blue ey'd Nancy O.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
 And statesmen's dang'rous stations;
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 And smile at conqu'ring nations:
 Might I possess, and still care
 This lass that strikes my fancy O:
 For these are toys, and still look less,
 Compar'd with blue ey'd Nancy O.

S O N G.

OLD ENGLAND'S MY TOAST.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

WHO thirsts for more knowledge is welcome
 to roam,
 He may seek a new climate who is wretched at
 home ;
 Who of pleasure or folly has not had his fill
 May quit poor Old England whenever he will ;
 But nothing shall tempt me to cross the salt main,
 For change I'm too steady, and rambling is pain.

Old England, brave boys, good enough is for me,
 Where my thoughts I can speak, where by birth-
 right I'm free ;
 Whatever I wish for now comes at my call,
 I can sport in the fields, or can roar in my hall ;
 My time is my own, I can do as I will,
 I have children that prattle, a wife that is still.

I feel that I'm happy, tho' taxes run high,
 I want no exotics, so easy am I ;
 I'm alive to my friends, and at peace with the
 dead,
 With party and state I ne'er trouble my head ;
 Contention I hate, and a bumper love most,
 You'll pledge me I'm sure, for Old England's my
 toast.

S. O N G.

BE MERRY AND WISE.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

TO be merry and wise is a proverb of old,
 But a maxim so good can't too often be told;
 Then attend to my song, nor my council despise,
 For I mean to be merry,—but merry and wise.

Ye bucks when toping such raptures express,
 And yet the next day dismal proofs of excess,
 Avoid all extremes, and mark well my advice.
 'Tis to drink and be merry,—but merry and wise.

In women all lovely is center'd each bliss,
 But let prudence give sanction, 'twill sweeten the
 kiss;
 If not beauty or folly your senses surprise,
 You may kiss and be merry,—but merry and
 wife.

Then ye toppers and rakes, who would lead happy
 lives,
 All excesses avoid, and choose modest wives.
 While prudence presides, it is thus I advise,
 Love, and drink, and be merry,—but merry and
 wife.

S O N G.

FOR FREEDOM AND HIS NATIVE LAND.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.

MUST peace and pleasure's melting strain,
 For ever in this circle reign,
 Awhile the muse with ardour glows,
 To pay the debt that Britain owes.
 O wave awhile your soft delights,
 To praise each valiant son that fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

The soldier seeks a distant plain,
 The sailor ploughs the boisterous main,
 Their toil domestic ease secures,
 The labour theirs, the pleasure yours :
 Then change awhile your soft delights,
 To praise each valiant son that fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

Ye wealthy, who domestic sweets,
 Enjoy within your gay retreats,
 Think, think on those who guard the shore,
 Whence unmolested springs your store :
 And change awhile your soft delights,
 To praise each valiant son that fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

Ye swains who haunt the shady grove,
 And tranquil breathe your vows of love,
 Who hear not war's tremendous voice,
 But in the arms of peace rejoice :
 Change, change awhile your soft delights,
 To praise each valiant son that fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

And ye who in this frolic train,
 Inspir'd with music's sprightly strain,
 And wild with pleasure's airy round,
 Bid flowing bowls with love be crown'd :
 Amid your social dear delights
 Remember him who boldly fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

S O N G.

THE SPINDLE.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in the Desert.

SOME how my spindle I mislaid,
 And lost it underneath the grass,
 Damon advancing, bow'd his head,
 And said what seek you pretty lass :
 A little love, but urg'd with care,
 Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.

'Twas passing by yon spreading oak,
 That I my spindle lost just now ;
 His knife then kindly Damon took,
 And from the tree he cut a bow :

A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
 While me he tenderly beheld;
 He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,
 For ah! my heart did fondly yield.
A little love, &c.

S O N G.

DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in May-Day, or Little Gipsy.

WHAT's a poor simple clown
 To do in the town,
 Of their freaks and vagaries I'll none;
 The folks I saw there
 Two faces did wear—
 An honest man ne'er has but one.

Let others to London go roam,
 I love my neighbour,
 To sing, and to labour;
 To me there's nothing like country and home.

Nay the ladies, I vow,
 I cannot tell how,
 Were now white as a curd, and now red:
 La! how wou'd you flare
 At their huge crop of hair,
 'Tis a hay-cock o'top of their head!
Let others, &c.

Then 'tis so dizen'd out,
 And with trinkets about,
 With ribbands and flippets between;
 They so noddle and tofs,
 Just like a fore-horse,
 With tassels and bells in a team.

Let others, &c.

Then the fops are so fine,
 With lank-waisted chine,
 And a little skimp bit of a hat,
 Which from sun, wind, and rain
 Will not shelter their brain,
 Tho' there's no need to take care of that.

Let others, &c.

Would you the creature's ape,
 In looks and their shape,
 Teach a calf on his hind legs to go;
 Let him waddle in gait,
 A skim dish on his pate,
 And he'll look all the world like a beau.

Let others, &c.

S O N G.

VAUXHALL WATCH.

Sung by Mr. Mahon.

MY name's Ted Blarney I'll be bound,
 And man and boy upon this ground,
 Full twenty years I've beat my round,
 Crying, Vauxhall watch.

And as that time's a little short
With some small folks that here resort,
To be sure I have not had some sport,
Crying, Vauxhall watch.

Oh ! of pretty wenches dress'd so tight,
And macaronies—what a sight
Of a moon-light morn I've bid good night,
Crying, Vauxhall watch.

S O N G.

THE JEW'S DESCRIPTION.

Sung by Mr. Quick, in the Duenna.

GIVE Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
But health and good humour, to make her his
toast;

If scrait, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
Or six feet or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.
We'll ne'er, &c.

Whate'er her complexion I vow I don't care,
If brown it is lasting, more pleasing if fair ;
And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples shou'd see,
Let her smile and each dell is a dimple to me.
Let her, &c.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be—faith any colour but green ;
For in eyes, tho' so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice, only let her have two.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth, I own, are genteeler than black ;
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
But I only desire—she mayn't have a beard.

S O N G.

THE TRIO.

*Sung by Mr. Mattocks, Mr. Quick, and Mr. Wilson,
in the Duenna.*

A BUMPER of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker
Than justice, judge, or vicar,
So fill a cheerful glass.

So fill, &c.

But if more deep the quarrel,
Why sooner drain the barrel,
Than be that hateful fellow,
That's crabbed when he's mellow.

Why sooner, &c.

S O N G.

O HAD MY LOVE.

Sung by Mr. Leoni, in the Duenna.

O HAD my love ne'er smil'd on me,
I ne'er had known such anguish ;
But think how false, how cruel she,
To bid me cease to languish :

To bid me hope her hand to gain,
 Breath on a flame half perith'd,
 And then with cold and fix'd disdain,
 To kill the hope she cherish'd.

Not worse his fate, who on a wreck
 That drove as winds did blow it,
 Silent had left the shatter'd deck,
 To find a grave below it:

Then land was cried, no more resign'd,
 He glow'd with joy to hear it;
 Not worse his fate, his woe to find,
 The wreck must sink ere near it.

S O N G.

THE CHEARFUL WIFE.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in the Lord of the Manor.

I ONCE was a maiden as fresh as a rose,
 And as fickle as April weather,
 I laid down without care, and I wak'd with repose,
 With a heart as light as a feather.

With a heart, &c.

I work'd with the girls, and play'd with the men,
 I always was romping or spinning;
 And what if they pilfer'd a kiss now and then,
 I hope 'twas not very great sinning.

I hope, &c.

I wedded a husband as young as myself,
 And for every frolick as willing,
 Together we laugh'd when we had any pelf,
 And we laugh'd when we had not a shilling.
And we, &c.

He's gone to the wars—heav'n send him a prize,
 For his pains he is welcome to spend it;
 My example I know is more merry than wife,
 Lord help me—I never shall mend it.
Lord help, &c.

S O N G.

ALL OF LIFE IS LOVE.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Lord of the Manor.

WHEN first this humble roof I knew,
 With various cares I strove,
 My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
 My all of life was love.
 By mutual toil our board was dress'd,
 The spring our drink bestow'd;
 But when her lip the brim had press'd,
 The cup with nectar flow'd.

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,
 No other guest came nigh,
 In them was giv'n (tho' gold was spar'd)
 What gold could never buy.
 No value has a splendid lot,
 But as the means to prove
 That from the castle to the cot,
 The all of life is love.

S O N G.

THE ROW DOW DOW.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Camp.

GREAT Cæsar, once renown'd in fame
 For a mighty arm and a laurel'd brow,
 With his *veni vidi vici* came,
 And conquer'd the world with his row dow dow.
And conquer'd, &c.

Thus should our vaunting enemies come,
 And winds and waves their course allow,
 In freedom's cause we'll beat our drum,
 And they'll fly at the sound of our row dow dow.
Row dow dow, &c.

Then come, my lads, our glory share,
 Whose honest hearts British valour avow,
 At honour's call to camp repair,
 And follow the beat of my row dow dow.
Row dow dow, &c.

S O N G.

WHEN WAR'S ALARMS.

Sung by Miss Walpole, in the Camp.

WHEN war's alarms entic'd my Willy from me,
 My poor heart with grief did sigh;
 Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrow on me,
 'Woke ere yet the morn was nigh:
 No other could delight him;
 Ah! why did I e'er flight him,
 Coldly answ'ring his fond tale,
 Which drove him far amid the rage of war,
 And left silly me thus to bewail.

But I no longer, tho' a maid forsaken,
Thus will mourn like yonder dove,
For ere the lark to-morrow shall awaken,
I will seek my absent love :

The hostile country over
I'll fly to seek my lover,
Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear ;
Nor distant shore,
Nor cannons roar,
Shall longer keep me from my dear.

S O N G.

NANCY OF THE DALE.

Sung by Mr. Webster, in the Camp.

MY Nancy leaves the rural train,
A camp's distress to prove,
All other ills she can sustain,
But living from her love :
Yet, dearest, tho' your soldier's there,
Will not your spirit fail,
To mark the hardships you must share,
Dear Nancy of the Dale ?

Dear Nancy, &c.

Or should you, love, each danger scorn,
 Ah ! how shall I secure
 Your health—'mid toils which you were born
 To sooth—but not endure :
 A thousand perils I must view,
 A thousand ills assail ;
 Nor must I tremble e'en for you,
 Dear Nancy of the dale.

Dear Nancy, &c.

S O N G.

THE DANCING MASTER.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Summer Amusement.

NEATEST of pretty feet, for dancing intended,
 Accept of a partner who always was com-
 mended,
 Slighting the finest dress, attentive to merit,
 He likes only those who can jig about with spirit.

Take me, madam, I so glad am, that I'll cut a caper,
 Stand first couple, make no scruple, strike up there
 gut scraper :

Turn about, turn about, that's right, depend on't,
 Hands across, back again, and now there's an
 end on't.

If it should be thought that we should encore it,
 Permit me to offer you lemonade before it ;
 Negus will make you hot, and wine is unsteady,
 Your fan now will cool us both, speak when you're
 ready.

C

Take me, &c.

S O N G.

AULD ROBIN GREY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the ky
 at hame,
 And a' the warld to sleep are gane,
 The waes of my heart fa's in show'rs fra my ee,
 When my gude man lies found by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me well, and he sought me for
 his bride,
 But saving a crown he had nathing beside ;
 To mak this crown a pund, my Jamie gade to sea,
 And the crown and the pund were baith for me.

He had nae been awa a week but only twa,
 When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was
 stoun awa,
 My father brak his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
 And Auld Robin Grey came a courting me.

My father could na work, and my mither coud na
 spin,
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I could na
 win ;
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi tears in
 his ee,
 Said, Jenny, for their fakes, O marry me.

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie back,
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
 wreck,
 The ship it was a wreck, why did na Jamie die ?
 And why do I live to say waes me ?

Auld Robin argued fair, tho' my mither did na
 speak,
 She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break,
 So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was at
 the sea,
 And Auld Robin Grey is gude man to me.

I had na been a wife a week but only four,
 When sitting sa mournfully at the door,
 I saw my Jamie's waste, for I coud na think it he,
 'Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
 We took but ae kifs, and tore ourselves away :
 I wish I were dead, but I'm na like to die,
 And why do I live to say waes me !

I gang like a ghaist, and care na to spin ;
 Idare na think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin ;
 But I'll do my best, a gude wife to be,
 For Auld Robin Grey is kind unto me.

S O N G.

THE DEATH OF AULD ROBIN GREY.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall Gardens.

THE summer it was smiling, all nature round
 was gay,
 When Jenny was attending on Auld Robin Grey ;
 For he was sick at heart, and had nae friend beside,
 But only me, poor Jenny, who newly was his bride.

Ah ! Jenny, I shall die, he cried, as sure as I had
 birth,
 Then see my poor old bones, I pray, laid into the
 earth,
 And be a widow, for my sake, a twelvemonth and
 a day,
 And I will leave whate'ere belongs to Auld Robin
 Grey.

I laid poor Robin in the earth, as decent as I cou'd,
 And shed a tear upon his grave, for he was very
 good ;
 I took my rock all in my hand, and in my cot I
 sigh'd,
 Oh ! wae is me ! what shall I do ! since poor Auld
 Robin died.
 Search ev'ry part throughout the land, there's none
 like me forlorn ;
 I'm ready e'en to ban the day that ever I was born,
 For Jamie, all I lov'd on earth, ah ! he is gone away,
 My father's dead, my mither's dead, and eke Auld
 Robin Grey !

I rose up with the morning sun, and spun till setting
 day,
 And one whole year of widowhood I mourn'd for
 Robin Grey ;
 I did the duty of a wife, both kind and constant too,
 Let ev'ry on example take, and Jenny's plan pursue:
 I thought that Jamie he was dead, or he to me was
 lost,
 And all my fond and youthful love entirely was
 crost ;
 I tried to sing, I tried to laugh, and pass the time
 away,
 For I had ne'er a friend alive, since died Auld Robin
 Grey.

At length the merry bells rung round, I cou'd na
guess the cause,

But Rodney was the man, they said, who gain'd so
much applause ;

I doubted if the tale was true, till Jamie came to me,
And shew'd a purse of golden ore, and said it is for
thee.

Auld Robin Grey I find is dead, and still your heart
is true,

Then take me, Jenny, to your arms, and I will be
so too ;

Mefs John shall join us at the kirk, and we'll be
blith and gay,

I blush'd, consented, and replied, adieu to Robin
Grey.

S O N G.

THE GHAIST OF AULD ROBIN GREY.

'T WAS in the dead of night, soon after Jenny
wed,

And wi her faithful Jamie was sleeping in her bed,
A hollow voice she heard, which call'd her to awake,
And listen to the words would be utter'd for her sake.
She started from her sleep, her bosom beat wi fear,
When the ghaist of Robin Grey before her did ap-
pear ;

It wav'd its shadowy hand, and thus to her did say,
Ah ! Jenny, list awhile to your Auld Robin Grey.

I do not come, dear Jean, your conduct to reprove,
Or interrupt the joys you share in constant Jamie's
love,

His honest heart deserves whate'er he can receive,
Since he has fought so nobly, and would not you
deceive :

Still let his courage rise, his country's foes to quell,
To you he safe shall come again, the fates now bid
me tell ;

With Howe as well as Rodney his valour he'll dis-
play,

If you will but believe the ghaist of Robin Grey.

And Jenny must submit, your virtue is your guard,
For fortune has in store for you a high and rich re-
ward,

The haughty Dons subdued, with Holland and with
France,

Your Jamie, with fresh laurels crown'd will to your
with advance :

Then let him haste wi all his speed to join the noble
fleet,

Tho' danger does appear in view, no harm shall
Jamie meet ;

But joyful shall return again upon a future day,
As you may fure believe the ghaist of Robin Grey.

S O N G.

JAMIE'S COMPLAINT ;

OR, THE SEQUEL TO AULD ROBIN GREY.

SINCE Jenny she has married with Auld Robin
Grey,

Alas ! I dinna care how my time gangs away ;

Tho' hard were my misfortunes when I was wreck'd
at sea,

Yet soon had I forgot them had Jenny staid for me.

'Twas all for Jenny's sake that I sail'd on the main,
 In hopes of getting richer her gaily to maintain ;
 But fatal was the hour I ever went to sea,
 Since Jenny's love is lost, and she did na stay for me ;
 If parents were poor, and cou'd na work or spin,
 Yet Auld Robin Grey had na right for her to win ;
 If charity he did from out his golden store,
 The deed it might reward him—he should na ask
 na more.

Sure gold it is a cursed thing, of love it is the bane,
 Yet wae is me, I cry to think that I had nane ;
 Yet womens love is fickle, as cantie as the wind,
 My Jenny she has prov'd it so, alas ! too true I find ;
 What made the old carl take sic a lovely maid,
 The winter of his age is not fitting for her bed ;
 Like stane he lies beside her, and snores the night awa,
 Had she but staid for Jamie it had na been fa.

Her breasts were like the lillies, her cheeks were like
 the rose,

And her breath it was as sweet as the zephyr when
 it blows ;

Her eyes they were like stars in a frosty night so fine,
 Yet wae is Jamie's heart, she never can be mine :
 True love belongs to man, for women they have
 none,

Or Auld Robin Grey cou'd ne'er have Jenny won ;
 It was his gold that charm'd while I was gone to sea,
 Yet sure she can't be happy for thus deceiving me.

Adieu then, my false Jenny, since war now calls to
 arms,

I'll sail upon the ocean, and quite forget thy charms ;
 I'll fight against the foe, no matter death or life,
 Since Auld Robin Grey has got Jenny for a wife :

Yet should I return, the news it may be spread,
 That Jenny she is free again, and Auld Robin dead.
 I'll wait what fate ordains, and never more repine,
 But yet will live in hopes, that Jenny may be mine.

S O N G.

THE HERMIT.

Sung by Dr. Beattie.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweet of forgetfulness prove,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the
 grove :

'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit
 began :

No more with himself, or with nature at war,
 He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

Ah why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
 Why, alone Philomela, that languishing fall ?
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom intral.
 But if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
 Mourn sweetest complainer, man calls thee to
 mourn ;

O sooth him, whose pleasures like thine pass away,
 Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:

But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high,
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.

Roll on thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue,
The path that conducts thee to splendour again,
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;

For morn is approaching your charms to restore;
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance and glit'ring
with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save;
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

A CONTINUATION OF THE HERMIT.

TWAS thus, by the glare of false science
betray'd

That leads, to bewilder, and dazzle to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to
shade,

Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
O pity great father of light, then I cry'd,
Thy creature who fain would not wander from
thee!

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;
From doubt and from darkness thou only can'st
free.

And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn;
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
 And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are
 blending,
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.
And beauty, &c.

S O N G.

A SOLDIER'S THE LAD.

Sung by Miss Walpole, in the Camp.

THE fife and drum sound merrily,
 A soldier, a soldier's the lad for me,
 With my true love I soon will be,
 For who so kind, so true as he,
 With him in every toil I'll share,
 To please him shall be all my care.
 Each peril I'll dare,
 All hardships I'll bear;
 For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

Then if kind heaven preserve my love,
 What rapturous joy shall his Nancy prove,
 Swift thro' the camp shall my footsteps bound,
 To meet my William with conquest crown'd,
 Close to my faithful bosom prest,
 Soon shall he hush his cares to rest.

Clasp'd in these arms,
 Forget wars alarms.
 For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

S O N G.

BLACK EY'D SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black ey'd Susan came on board,
 Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William fails among your crew ?

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below ;
 The rope slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest :—
 The noblest captain in the British fleet,
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan ! Susan ! lovely dear !
 My vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear :
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find :
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoever I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright ;
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white :
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return ;
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread ;
 No longer must she stay on board ;
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head :
 Her leav'ning boat unwilling rows to land :
 Adieu ! she cried, and wav'd her lilly hand.

S O N G.

PLATO'S ADVICE.

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain,
 Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great?
 Why look, with insolent disdain,
 On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
 Can costly robes, or beds of down,
 Or all the gems that deck the fair;
 Can all the glories of a crown,
 Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
 The humble, and the haughty, die;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust, without distinction, lie.
 Go, search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest titles wore,
 Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
 And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
 And spreads along a gilded train;
 When shot—'tis gone—its beauty dies—
 Dissolves to common air again.
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls;
 Let friendship reign, while here we stay;
 Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls;
 When Jove commands we must obey.

S O N G.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

A CANTATA.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring
 shade,
 Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,
 A crystal stream with gentle murmurs flows,
 Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose ;
 Thither, retir'd from Phœbus' sultry ray,
 And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
 Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,
 By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring grove ;
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went for want of thought.
 But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
 He gap'd, he stared !—her lovely form survey'd ;
 And while with artless voice, he sweetly sung,
 Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue :

AIR.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,
 Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,
 Completes the rural scene ;
 But in thy bosom, charming maid,
 All heav'n itself is sure display'd,
 Too lovely Iphigene !

RECITATIVE.

She wakes and starts—poor Cymon trembling stands,
 Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands :
 Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear,
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.
 Half-rais'd, with gentle accent she replies,
 Oh, Cymon ! if tis you, I need not rise ;
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain ;
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
 The clown, transported, was not silent long,
 But thus, with extacy, pursu'd his song :

AIR.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,
 In wanton ringlets down thy neck ;
 Thy love-inspiring mien ;
 Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
 And taper shape, inchant me so,
 I die for Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence
 The formal clod is thus inspir'd with sense ;
 She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and strait,
 And thinks he might improve his awkward gait ;
 Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend :
 Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead,
 And nature's language surest will succeed.

AIR.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire ;
 Love can rage itself controul,
 And elevate the human soul ;

Depriv'd of that, our wretched state,
 Had made our lives of too long date :
 But blest with beauty, and with love,
 We taste what angels do above.

S O N G.

WHAT A CHARMING THING'S A BATTLE.

WHAT a charming thing's a battle ;
 Trumpets founding, drums a beating ;
 Crack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle ;
 Ev'ry heart with joy elating !
 With what pleasure are we spying,
 From the front, and from the rear,
 Round us in the smoaky air,
 Heads and limbs, and bullets flying !
 Then the groans of soldiers dying,
 Just like sparrows, as it were.
 At each pop
 Hundreds drop,
 While the muskets, prittle prattle ;
 Kill'd and wounded
 Lie confounded ;
 What a charming thing's a battle !
 But the pleasant joke of all,
 Is when to close attack we fall,
 Like mad bulls each other butting,
 Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting ;
 Horse and foot,
 All go to't ;
 Kill's the word, both men and cattle ;
 Then to plunder ;
 Blood and thunder,
 What a charming thing's a battle !

S O N G.

A HUNTING SONG.

RECITATIVE.

THE whistling ploughman hails the blushing
dawn,
The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note ;
Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves,
And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

AIR.

Away, to the copse lead away,
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds ;
I'll warrant he shews us some play ;
See, yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.

Then spur your brisk courfers, and smoke 'em, my
bloods,
'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn :
What concert is equal to those of the woods,
Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn !

Each earth see he tries at in vain,
In cover no safety can find ;
So he breaks it and scours amain,
And leaves us a distance behind.

O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and o'er hedges we fly,
All hazard and danger we scorn ;
Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die ;
Cheer up the dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
 All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue ;
 His speed can no longer avail,
 Nor his life can his cunning prolong.

From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that
 he fled,
 See his brush falls bemir'd, forlorn ;
 The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
 And shout to the sound of the horn.

S O N G.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
 (Where sad despair and famine always dwells)
 A meagre Frenchman, madame Grandfire's cook,
 As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took ;
 Bending beneath the weight of fam'd fir-loin,
 On which in vain he often wish'd to dine :
 Good father Dominic by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye ;
 Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
 His benediction on it he bestow'd ;
 And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
 He lick'd his chops, and thus the knight address'd.

AIR.

(A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.)

O rare roast beef ! lov'd by all mankind,
 If I was doom'd to have thee,
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swimming in thy gravy,
 Not all thy country's force combin'd
 Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd fir-loin, of times decreed,
 The theme of English ballad,
 On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchman's palate.
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed
 Soup-meagre, frog, and fallad.

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen,
 Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food ;
 His morning melfs forsook (the friendly bowl)
 And in small streams along the pavement stole :
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And then, in plaintive tone, declar'd his grief.

AIR.

(Foot's Minuet.)

Ah, sacre Die ! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite ?
 Begar it is de roast beef of Londree :
 O ! grant to me van letal bite.

But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies,
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
 (Whose brazen front his country did betray)
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
 By honest means to gain a daily bread ;
 Soon as the well-known prospect he descried,
 In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cried :

AIR.

(Ellen a Roon.)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 So taking thy sight is,
 My joy that so light is,
 To view thee, by pailfulls run out of my eyes.
 While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing,
 While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing.
 Ah, hard hearted Loui !
 Why did I come to you ?
 The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me from
 starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by, poor Sawney sat,
 Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate ;

But when Old England's bulwark he espied,
 His dear lov'd mull, alas ! was thrown aside :
 With lifted hands he bless'd his native place,
 Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case :

AIR.

(The Broom of Cowdenknows.)

How hard, oh ! Sawney, is thy lot,
 Who was so blithe of late,
 To see such meat as can't be got,
 When hunger is so great.

*O the beef ! the bonny, bonny beef,
 When roasted nice and brown ;
 I wish I had a slice of thee,
 How sweet it would gang down.*

Ah, Charley ! hadst thou not been seen,
 This ne'er had happ'd to me ;
 I would the de'el had pick'd mine eyn,
 Ere I had gang'd wi thee.

O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But, see, my muse to England takes her flight,
 Where health and plenty socially unite ;
 Where smiling freedom guards great George's
 throne,
 And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known ;
 Tho' Britain's fame in loftier strains should ring,
 In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

AIR.

As once on a time, a young frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boasted his size he could quickly attain.

*O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef!*

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cried, son, to attempt it you're surely to blame.

O the roast beef, &c.

But, deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst,
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
Till swelling and straining too hard, made him burst.

O the roast beef, &c.

Then Britons be valiant, the moral is clear,
The ox is Old England, the frog is Monsieur,
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.

O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able,
To see the fir-loin smoaking hot on the table,
The French may e'en boast, like the frog in the
fable.

O the roast beef, &c.

S O N G.

FAIR HEBE.

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design,
To escape from her charms, and to drown
'em in wine ;

I tried it, but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, and still love in my heart.

I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,
Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance
weigh'd,

Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my prayer,
That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, replied I, I've no need to be taught,
I came for your council to find out a fault ;
If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,
To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas ! of relief from my pain,
While like lightning she darts thro' each throbbing
vein,

My senses confirm me a slave to her charms,
Nor can I be happy, unless in her arms.

S O N G.

THE BEE.

A BUSY humble bee am I,
 That range the garden sunny ;
 From flow'r to flow'r I changing fly,
 And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.
 Bright Chloe, with her golden hair,
 And while my rich junquile is,
 Till, cloy'd with sipping nectar there,
 I shift to rosy Phillis.

I shift, &c.

But Phillis's sweet opening breast
 Remains not long my station,
 For Kitty must be now address'd,
 My spicy breath'd carnation.
 Yet Kitty's fragrant bed I leave,
 To other flow'rs I'm rover,
 And all in turns my love receives,
 The gay wide garden over.

The gay, &c.

Variety, that knows no bound,
 My roving fancy edges,
 And oft with Flora I am found,
 In dalliance under hedges ;
 For, as I am an errant bee,
 Who range each bank that's sunny,
 Both fields and gardens are my fee,
 And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.

And ev'ry, &c.

S O N G.

SWEET PRETTY MOG.

Sung in the Register Office.

MY sweet pretty Mog, you're as soft as a bog,
 And wild as a kitten, and wild as a kitten :
 Those eyes in your face—(O pity my case !)
 Poor Dermot hath smitten, poor Dermot hath
 smitten :

For softer than silk, and as fair as new milk,
 Your lilly-white hand is, your lilly-white hand is :
 Your shape's like a pail, from your head to your tail,
 You're strait as a wand is, you're strait as a wand is,

Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is
 As black as the devil, as black as the devil ;
 Your breath is as sweet too as any potatoe,
 Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville,
 When dress'd in your boddice, you trip like a
 goddess,

So nimbly, so frisky, so nimbly so frisky ;
 A kiss on your cheek ('tis so soft and so sleek)
 Would warm me like whisky, would warm me like
 whisky.

I grunt and I pine, and sob like a swine,
 Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel ;
 No rest can I take, and asleep or awake
 I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.
 Your hate then give over, nor Dermot your lover
 So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle !
 Or Dermot must die, like a pig in a sty,
 Or snuff of a candle, or snuff of a candle.

D

S O N G.

A HUNTING SONG.

Sung at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

HARK, the horn calls away ;
Come the grave, come the gay ;
Wake to music that wakens the skies,
Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

AIR.

From the east breaks the morn,
See, the sun beams adorn
The wild heath, and the mountains so high ;
The wild heath, &c.

Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
The steed neighs to the sound,
And the floods and the valleys reply.
And the floods, &c.

Our fore-fathers so good,
Prov'd their greatness of blood,
By encount'ring the hart and the boar.
By encount'ring, &c.

Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar.
And taught, &c.

Hence, of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd :
Where the bosom, &c.

Tho' in life's busy day
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let our's be the prey of the field.
Still let our's, &c.

With the chace in full fight,
Gods, how great the delight !
How our mortal sensations refine !
How our mortal, &c.

Where is care ? where is fear ?
Like the winds in the rear,
And the man's lost in something divine !
And the man's, &c.

Now to horse, my brave boys ;
Lo ! each pants for the joys
That anon shall enliven the whole ;
That anon, &c.

Then at eve we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasure's recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl.
And renew, &c.

S O N G.

A SOLDIER'S SONG.

HE comes, he comes, the hero comes !
 Sound, found the trumpet, beat, beat the drum;
 From port to port let cannons roar ;
 He's welcome to the British shore.

Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare ;
 Loud, loudly rend the echoing air ;
 From pole to pole your joys resound,
 For virtue's his, with glory crown'd.

S O N G.

SWEET PASSION OF LOVE.

Sung in the Conscious Lovers.

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment ?
 If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content ?
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain ;
 Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain ?
 Yet, so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate silence I make my love known :
 But oh! how I'm blest, when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing mistake, to discover her love ;

When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleasing is beauty ! how sweet are her charms !
Her embraces how joyful ! how peaceful her arms !
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love,
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above ;
And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must
yield,

For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the fair field.

S O N G.

THE PIGEON.

WHY tarries my love,
Why tarries my love,
Why tarries my love from me ?
Come hither, my dove,
I'll write to my love,
And send him a letter by thee.

And send him, &c.

I'll tie it to thy leg,
I'll tie it to thy leg,
I'll tie it so fast with a string ;
Ah, not to my leg,
Fair lady, I beg,
But fasten it under my wing.

It rain'd, and it blew,
 It rain'd, and it blew,
 And he flew, he flew, and he flew;
 Till wet with his wing,
 And painful the string,
 And heavy the letter it grew.

She drew o'er his neck,
 She drew o'er his neck,
 A bell and a collar so gay;
 She tied to his wing,
 The scroll with a string,
 And kiss'd him, so sent him away.

He flutter'd around,
 Till Colin he found,
 And his poor little heart it did burn;
 The shepherd went back,
 But woe and alack!
 The pigeon did never return.

S O N G.

AS SURE AS A GUN.

Sung in Thomas and Sally.

ALL you who would wish to succeed with a lass,
 Learn how the affair's to be done;
 For, if you stand fooling, and shy, like an ass,
 You'll lose her, as sure as a gun.

With whining, and sighing, and vows, and all that,
 As far as you please you may run;
 She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
 But jilt you, as sure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddess, is fine,
 But, mark you the consequence—mum ;
 The baggage will think herself really divine,
 And scorn you, as sure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden, bold, frolic, and stout,
 And no opportunity shun ;
 She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry out,
 But mum—she's as sure as a gun.

S O N G.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
 Young Jocky to my cottage came,
 And tho' I lik'd him passing weel,
 I careless turn'd my spinning-wheel.

My milk-white hand he did extol,
 And prais'd my fingers long and small ;
 Unusual joy my heart did feel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Then round about my slender waist
 He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd ;
 To kiss my hand he down did kneel,
 But yet I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

With gentle voice I bid him rise,
 He blest'd my neck, my lips, and eyes ;
 My fondness I could scarce conceal,
 But yet I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Till, bolder grown, so close he press'd,
 His wanton thoughts I quickly guess'd ;
 Then push'd him from my rock and reel,
 And angry turn'd my spinning-wheel.

At last, when I began to chide,
 He swore he meant me for his bride ;
 'Twas then my love I did reveal,
 And flung away my spinning-wheel.

S O N G.

THE NUN.

SURE a lass in her bloom, at the age of nineteen,
 Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been ;
 I know not, I vow, any harm I have done,
 But mother oft tells me, she'll have me a nun.

But mother, &c.

Don't you think it a pity, a girl such as I,
 Shou'd be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to cry ;
 With ways so devout I'm not like to be won,
 And my heart it loves frolic too well for a nun.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear,
 Is a thousand times better to me, I declare ;
 I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone ;
 Nay, besides, I'm too handsome, I think, for a nun.

Not to love or be lov'd, oh, I never can bear,
 Nor yield to be sent to—one cannot tell where ;
 To live or to die, in this case were all one ;
 Nay, I sooner would die, than be reckon'd a nun.

Perhaps, but to teaze me, she threatens me so,
 I'm sure we're she me, she wou'd stoutly say no ;
 But if she's in earnest, I from her will run,
 And be married in spite, that I may'nt be a nun.

S O N G.

THE BONNY BROOM.

Sung at Vauxhall.

HOW blithe was I each morn to see
 My swain come o'er the hill !
 He leap'd the brook, and flew to me ;
 I met him with good will ;

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 When his stocks near me lay ;
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And cheer'd me all the day.

*Oh ! the broom, the bonny broom,
 Where lost was my repose ;
 I wish I was with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.*

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by ;
 The fleecy flock stood still and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody.
 While thus we spent our time, by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play,
 I envied not the fairest dame,
 Tho' e'er so rich and gay.

D 5 *Oh ! the broom, &c.*

He did oblige me ev'ry hour ;
 Could I but faithful be ?
 He stole my heart, could I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me ?
 Hard fate ! that I must banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest twain,
 That ever yet was born.

Oh ! the broom, &c.

S O N G.

MAD TOM.

FORTH, from my dark and dismal cell,
 Or from the dark abyfs of hell,
 Mad Tom is come, to view the world again,
 To see if he can cure his distemper'd brain.

Fears and cares oppress my soul !
 Hark ! how the angry furies howl :
 Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad,
 To see poor angry Tom of Bedlam bad.

Thro' the world I wander night and day,
 To find my straggling senses ;
 In angry mood I met old Time,
 With his pentateuch of senses.

When me he spies, away he flies,
 For time will stay for no man ;
 In vain with cries I rend the skies,
 For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I be ;
 Help ! help ! or else I die.
 Hark ; I hear Apollo's team,
 The carman 'gins to whistle,
 Chaste Diana bends her bow,
 And the boar begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackle,
 And knock off my troublesome shackle ;
 Bid Charles make ready his wain,
 To bring me my senses again.

Last night I heard the dog star bark ;
 Mars met Venus in the dark ;
 Limping Vulcan heat an iron bar,
 And furiously made at the god of war :

Mars, with his weapon laid about ;
 Limping Vulcan had got the gout ;
 His broad horns did so hang in his light,
 That he could not see to aim his blows aright.

Mercury, the nimble post of heaven,
 Stood still to see the quarrel ;
 Barrel-bellied Bacchus, giant like,
 Bestrid a strong beer barrel ;
 To me he drank whole butts,
 Until he burst his guts,
 But mine were ne'er the wider.
 Poor Tom is very dry ;
 A little drink for charity.

Hark ! I hear Acteon's hounds,
 The huntsman's whoop and hallo ;
 Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
 All the chace do follow.

The man in the moon drinks claret,
 Eats powder'd beef, turnip, and carrot ;
 But a cup of Malaga sack
 Will fire the bush at his back.

S O N G.

MY DAMON'S AIR.

Sung in Comus.

RECITATIVE.

HOW gentle was my Damon's air !
 Like funny beams his golden hair ;
 His voice was like the nightingale's,
 More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales.
 How hard such beauties to resign !
 And yet the cruel task is mine.
How hard, &c.

AIR.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
 Along the margin of each stream,
 Dear conscious scenes of former love,
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme :
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.
The hills, &c.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled ;
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more !
 Each flower in pity droops its head ;
 All nature does my loss deplore,
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain.
All, all, &c.

S O N G.

THE CRYING AND LAUGHING SONG.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

WHEN I wake with painful brow,
 Ere the cock begins to crow,
 Tossing, tumbling in my bed,
 Aching heart, and aching head ;
 Pond'ring over human ills,
 Cruel bailiffs, taylor's bills,
 Flush and Pam thrown up at Loo ;—
 When these sorrows strike my view,
 I cry, - - - -
 And to stop the gushing tear,
 Wipe it with the pillowbier.

But when sportive evening comes,
 Routs, ridottos, balls, and drums,
 Casinos here, festinos there,
 Mirth and pastime ev'ry where.

Seated by a sprightly lass,
 Smiling with a smiling glass ;
 When these pleasures are my lot,
 Taylors, bailiffs, all forgot,
 I laugh, - - - -
 Careless what may then befall,
 Thus I shake my sides at all.

Then again, when I peruse,
 O'er my tea, the morning news,
 Dismal tales of plunder'd houses,
 Wanton wives, and cuckold spouses ;
 When I read of money lent
 At sixteen and half per cent.
 I cry, - - - -

But if ere the muffin's gone,
 Simp'ring enters honest John,
 " Sir, Miss Lucy's at the door,
 " Waiting in a chaise and four,"
 Instant vanish all my cares,
 Swift I scamper down the stairs,
 And laugh, - - - -

So may this indulgent throng,
 Who now smiling grace my song,
 Never more cry oh ! oh ! la !
 But join with me in ha ! ha ! ha !

S O N G.

THE CRYING AND LAUGHING SONG.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

WHEN the hated morning's light,
 Peeping in offends my sight,
 Tossing to and fro in bed,
 Aching heart and aching head ;
 Counting o'er my various ills,
 Fickle lovers, mercers bills,
 All the sums I've lost at dice,
 When these in my mind arise,
 I cry, - - - -

But if 'tis pantheon night,
 Or that Ranelagh invite,
 Chicheratas here, Macheratas there,
 Or to Vauxhall I repair;
 If I meet my Lord Perfume,
 Or dear Colonel Thunder-bomb;
 When such pleasures are my lot,
 Fickle lovers all forgot,
 Dice and mercers bills forgot,
 I laugh, - - -

Then, if in the Morning Post,
 I read of reputations lost,
 Sly intrigues, and cuckold spouses,
 Great debates in both the houses;
 When I'm told that dissipation,
 Folly, lux'ry, rule the nation;
 That the rich, the young, and wise,
 To true pleasure shut their eyes;
 I cry, - - -

But, if ere my tears are gone,
 Simp'ring enters honest John,
 "Ma'am, Sir Jehu's at the door,
 "In his phaeton and four;"
 Instant all my sorrows cease,
 Out I run, and take my place;
 With such joys the moments glide,
 By my dear Sir Jehu's side,
 I laugh, - - -

S O N G.

ROUNDEAU.

Sung by Mrs. Barthelemon, at Ranelagh.

NIGHT and day the anxious lover,
Is attentive to the fair,
'Till the doubtful courtship's over,
Is she then so much his care.

Warm as summer his addressee,
Hope and ardour in his eyes,
Cool as winter his caresses,
When she yields his captive prize:

Now the owner of her beauty,
Sees no more an angel's face,
Half is love, the rest is duty;
Pleasure sure is in the chace.

S O N G.

BLOW, THOU WINTER'S WIND.

Sung in As You Like It.

BLOW, blow, thou winter's wind;
Thou art not so unkind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Altho' thy breath be rude.

Alibo', &c.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 Tho' thou the waters wrap,
 Thy sting is not so sharp,
 As friends remember'd not.

As friends, &c.

S O N G.

THE SHEEP-SHEARING SONG.

Sung in the Winter's Tale.

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we
 must shear ;
 In your holiday suits, with your lasses appear ;
 The happiest of folks are the guiltless and free ;
 And who are so guiltless, so happy, as we ?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught,
 We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught ;
 What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes,
 For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led,
 But we as the children of nature are bred,
 By her hands alone we are painted and dress'd,
 For the roses will bloom, when there's peace in the
 breast.

The giant, ambition, we never can dread,
 Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head ;
 Content and sweet chearfulness open our door ;
 They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal ;
 Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel ;
 So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
 And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

S O N G.

CHARMS OF LIBERTY.

SINCE ev'ry charm on earth combine
 In Chloe's face, in Chloe's mind,
 Why was I born, ye Gods, to see
 What robs me of my liberty ?

Until that fatal hapless day,
 My heart was lively, blithe, and gay,
 Cou'd sport with ev'ry nymph but she
 Who robs me of my liberty.

Think then, dear Chloe, ere too late,
 That death must be my hapless fate,
 If love and you do not agree,
 To set me at my liberty.

Now to the darksome woods I rove,
 Reflecting on the pains of love,
 And envy ev'ry clown I see
 Enjoy the sweets of liberty

We'll follow Hymen's happy train,
 And ev'ry idle care disdain ;
 We'll live in sweet tranquility,
 Nor wish for greater liberty.

S O N G.

CHARMING SALLY.

NO nymph that trips the verdant plain,
 With Sally can compare ;
 She wins the hearts of all the swains,
 And rivals all the fair :
 The beams of Sol delight and cheer,
 While summer seasons roll,
 But Sally's smiles can all the year
 Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the east the morning ray
 Illumes the world below,
 Her presence bids the god of day
 With emulation glow.
 Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,
 Birds sweet notes prepare,
 The playful lambkins skip around,
 And hail their sister fair.

The lark but strains his liquid throat,
 To bid the maid rejoice,
 And mimicks, while he swells his note,
 The sweetness of her voice ;
 The fanning zephyrs round her play,
 While Flora sheds perfume,
 And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,
 I bud for Sally's bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
 From morn to eve their tale ;
 Her beauty and unspotted fame,
 Make vocal every vale :
 The stream meand'ring thro' the mead,
 Her echo'd name conveys ;
 And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
 Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithsome lads and swain
 To mirthful wake resort,
 Nor ev'ry may-morn on the plain,
 Advance in rural sport :
 No more shall gush the purling rill,
 Nor music wake the grove,
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,
 When I forget to love.

S O N G.

THE DUST-CART.

A favourite Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

AS tinkering Tom the streets his trade did cry,
 He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by ;
 In dust-cart high advanc'd the nymph was plac'd,
 With the rich cinders round her lovely waist ;
 Tom with up lifted hands th' occasion blest'd,
 And thus in soothing strains the maid address'd :

AIR.

O Sylvia ! while you drive your carts,
To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,
You take our dust, and steal our hearts.

That mine is gone, alas ! is true,
And dwells among the dust with you,
And dwells among the dust with you.

O lovely Sylvia ! ease my pain,
Give me the heart you stole again,
Give me my heart out of your cart,
Give me my heart you stole again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting, roll'd her sparkling eyes about ;
She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as floe,
And look'd disdain on little folks below :
To Tom she nodded, as the cart drove on,
And then (resolv'd to speak) she cried, stop, John.

AIR.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
Be by a paltry crowd oppress'd ?
Ambition now my soul doth fire,
The youths shall languish and admire ;
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride in my dust-cart :
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride in my dust-cart.

A BACCANALIAN STILE.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug that now foams
 with mild ale,
 (In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)
 Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old soul,
 As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl,
 In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,
 And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
 In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
 With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
 And with honest old Itingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he died, full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
 A potter found out, in a covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he made this brown jug:
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale;
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

S O N G.

THE SAILOR'S SONG.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Thomas and Sally.

FROM plowing the ocean, and thrashing Mon-
fieur,

In Old England we're landed once more ;
Your hands, my brave shipmates, hallo, boys, what
cheer

For a failor that's just come on shore ?

These hectoring blades thought to scare us, no doubt,
And to cut us, and slash us—morblieu ?

But hold there, avast ! they were plaguely out,
We have flic'd them and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own consequence
know,

Yon invaders shall soon do you right ;
The lion may rouse when he hears the cock crow,
But should never be put in a fright.

You've only to shun your nonsensical jars,
Your damn'd party and idle contest ;
And let all your strife be like us honest tars,
Who shall fight for his country the best.

A sea faring spark, if the maids can affect,
Bid the simp'ring gypsies look to't :
Sound bottoms, they'll find us in ev'ry respect,
And our pockets well laden to boot.

The landfmen, mayhap, in a way of difcourfe,
 Have more art to perfuade, and the like ;
 But wear thofe fair colours, for better for worfe,
 Is a bargain we're willing to ftrike.

Now long live the king, may he prosperous reign ;
 Of no power, no faction afraid ;
 May Britain's proud flag ftill exult o'er the main,
 At all points the compafs display'd.

No quickfands endanger, no ftorm overwhelm ;
 Steady, fteady and fafe may fhe fail ;
 No ignorant pilots e'er fit at the helm,
 Or her anchor of liberty fail.

S O N G.

PUSH ABOUT THE JORUM.

Sung by Mifs Catley, in the Golden Pippin.

WHEN bick'rings hot,
 To high words got,
 Break out at gameorum ;
 The flame to cool,
 My golden rule
 Is push about the jorum.

With fift on jug,
 Coifs who can lug ?
 Or fhew me that glibe fpeaker,
 Who her rag,
 In gibe can wag,
 With her mouth full of liquor ?

S O N G.

THE JOLLY BRITON.

YE true honest Britons, who love your own land,
 Whose fires were so brave, so victorious, and free,
 Who always beat France when they took her in hand,
 Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.

Come join, &c.

Let us sing our own treasures, Old England's good
 cheer,

The profits and pleasures of stout British beer ;
 Your wine-tipling, dram-sipping fellows retreat,
 But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

Let us sing, &c.

The French with their vineyards are meagre and pale,
 They drink of the squeezing of half-ripen'd fruit,
 But we that have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,
 Are rosy and plump, and have freedom to boot.

Let us sing, &c.

Should the French dare invade us, thus arm'd with
 our poles,

We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern
 jaws ring ;

For your beef-eating, beer-drinking Britons are souls
 Who will shed their last drop for their country
 and king.

Let us sing, &c.

E

S O N G.

TRUE BLUE AND NANCY.

A DIALOGUE AFTER THE MANNER OF HORACE.

Sung in the Press Gang.

NANCY.

AND canst thou leave thy Nancy,
And quit thy native shore?
It comes into my fancy,
I ne'er shall see thee more.

TRUE BLUE.

Yes, I must leave my Nancy,
To humble haughty Spain;
Let fear ne'er fill thy fancy,
For we shall meet again.

NANCY.

Amidst the foaming billows,
When thund'ring cannons roar,
You'll think on these green willows,
And wish yourself on shore.

TRUE BLUE.

I fear not land or water,
I fear not sword or fire,
For sweet revenge and slaughter
Are all that I desire.

NANCY.

May guardian gods protect thee
From water, fire, and steel!
And may no fears affect thee,
Like those which now I feel!

TRUE BLUE.

I leave to heav'n's protection
My life, my only dear;
You have my soul's affection,
So still conclude me here.

S O N G.

ADVICE TO THE FAIR.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

IF you're not too proud for a word of advice,
In the choice of a husband, girls, be not too nice;
What with manning our ships, and protecting our
shore,

You cannot have lovers, as once—by the score:
If you wish to be married, your pride must come down,
What a smile can procure, do not lose by a frown.

The time it has been—it will ne'er be again,
When a legion of lovers I had in my train;
They were pleas'd with my sing-song—I laugh'd at
them all,

For one was too short, and another too tall,
Or too plump or too slender, too young or too old,
And this was too bashful, and that was too bold.

All you who're in bloom, and who Hymen implore,
 Since love may not wait till the wars are all o'er,
 Resemble the willow, be gentle and bend,
 Take pains for a lover, as you wou'd for a friend;
 Look once at his person, but twice at his mind,
 Take him soon at his word; tho' you blush, yet be
 kind.

Expect not a croud of admirers to see,
 Rich, handsome, and courtly, and all they should be;
 The times are so bad, and so chang'd is our lot,
 A man that's worth having, is hard to be got;
 Choose quick, or you'll rue it the rest of your lives,
 You may flourish as toasts, but you'll never be wives.

S O N G.

THE ENGLISH PADLOCK.

MISS Dannæ, when fair and young,
 (As Horace has divinely sung)
 Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
 By doors of steel, and walls of brass.

Tell us, mysterious husband, tell us,
 Why so mysterious, why so jealous?
 Can harsh restraint, the bolt, the bar,
 Make thee secure, thy wife less fair?

Send her abroad, and let her see
That all this world of pageantry,
Which she, forbidden, longs to know,
Is powder, pocket-glass, and beau.

Be to her virtues ever kind,
Be to her faults a little blind,
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your padlock—on her mind.

S O N G.

MY HEART'S MY OWN.

Sung by Miss Catley, in Love in a Village.

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
And so shall be my voice ;
No mortal man shall wed with me,
'Till first he's made my choice.

Let parent's rule, cry nature's laws,
And children still obey :
And is there then no saving clause
Against tyrannic sway ?

S O N G.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheeks of morn,
 And dew-drops glisten'd on the thorn ;
 When sky-larks tun'd their carrols sweet,
 To hail the god of light and heat ;
 Philander, from his downy bed,
 To fair Lifetta's chamber sped,
 Crying—Awake, sweet love of mine,
 I'm come to be thy valentine.

Soft love, that balmy sleep denies,
 Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes,
 Which (that a kiss she might obtain)
 She artfully had clos'd again :
 He sunk, thus caught in beauty's trap,
 Like Phœbus into Thetis' lap,
 And near forgot that his design,
 Was but to be her valentine.

She, starting, cried—I am undone !
 Philander, charming youth ! be gone !
 For this time, to your vows sincere,
 Make virtue, not your love appear ;
 No sleep hath clos'd these watchful eyes,
 (Forgive the simple, fond disguise)
 To gen'rous thoughts your heart incline,
 And be my faithful valentine.

The brutal passion sudden fled,
 Fair honour govern'd in its stead,
 And both agreed, ere setting sun,
 To join two virtuous hearts in one ;
 Their beauteous offspring soon did prove
 The sweet effects of mutual love ;
 And from that hour, to life's decline,
 She blest'd the day of valentine.

S O N G.

COWDEN KNOWS.

Sung at Vauxhall.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed,
 Sing their successful loves,
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves :
 But my lov'd song is then the broom,
 So fair on Cowden Knows ;
 For sure so sweet, so fair a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding heart ;
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,
 Could play with half such art :
 He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
 The hills and dales all round,
 Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side ;
 O how I blest the sound !

Yet more delightful is the broom
 So fair on Cowden Knows,
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows :
 Not Tiviot Braes so green and gay,
 May with this broom compare ;
 Not Yarrow Banks, in flow'ry May,
 Nor bush Aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden Knows,
 My peaceful happy home,
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
 At eve among the broom :
 Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,
 Where Tweed and Tiviot flows,
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd Cowden Knows !

S O N G.

FANNY, BLOOMING FAIR.

Written by the Earl of Chesterfield.

WHEN Fanny, blooming fair,
 First caught my ravish'd sight,
 Pleas'd with her shape and air,
 I felt a strange delight :
 Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
 Admiring ev'ry part,
 And ev'ry feature prais'd,
 She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes
 Ten thousand loves appear ;
 There Cupid basking lies,
 His shafts are hoarded there.
 Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
 With colour all their own,
 Excelling far the pride
 Of roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess
 The lucky hand of Jove ;
 Her features all express
 The beauteous queen of love.
 What flames my nerves invade
 When I behold the breast
 Of that too-charming maid
 Rise, suing to be prest !

Venus round Fanny's waist
 Has her own cestus bound,
 Three guardian cupids grace,
 And dance the circle round.
 How happy must he be,
 Who shall her zone unloose !
 That bliss to all but me,
 May heav'n and she refuse !

S O N G.

STREPHON OF THE HILL.

LET others Damon's praise rehearse,
 Or Colin's, at their will ;
 I mean to sing, in rustic verse,
 Young Strephon of the hill.

As once I sat beneath the shade,
Beside a purling rill,
Who should my solitude invade
But Strephon of the hill.

He tapt my shoulder, snatch'd a kiss,
I could not take it ill ;
For nothing sure is done amiss
By Strephon of the hill.
Consent, O lovely maid ! he cried,
Nor aim thy swain to kill ;
Consent this day to be the bride
Of Strephon of the hill.

Observe the doves on yonder spray,
See how they fit and bill ;
So sweet your time shall pass away
With Strephon of the hill.

We went to church with hearty glee,
O love propitious still !
May ev'ry nymph be blest, like me,
With Strephon of the hill.

S O N G.

THE MAN OF THE MILL.

NEAR the side of a pond, at the foot of a hill,
A free-hearted fellow attends on his mill,
Fresh health blooms her strong rosy hue o'er his face,
And honestly gives e'en to awkwardness grace.

Beflour'd with his meal does he labour and fmg,
 And, regaling at night, is as blest as a king :
 After heartily eating, he takes a full fwill,
 Of liquor home-brew'd, to fuccefs of the mill.

He makes no nice fcruples of toll for his trade,
 For that's an excife to his induftry paid ;
 His confcience is free, and his income is clear,
 And he values not them of ten thoufand a year ;
 He's a freehold fufficient to give him a vote ;
 At election he fcorns to accept of a groat ;
 He hates your proud placemen ; and, do what they
 will,
 They ne'er can feduce the ftaunch man of the mill.

On Sunday he talks with the barber and prieft,
 And hopes that our ftatemen do all for the beft ;
 That the Spaniards fhall ne'er interrupt our free
 trade,
 Nor good British coin be in fubfidies paid :
 He fears the French navy and commerce increafe,
 And he wifhes America ftill may have peace ;
 Tho' Old England, he knows, may have ftrength
 and have fkill,
 To protect all her manors, and fave his own mill.

With this honeft hope he goes home to his work,
 And if water is fcanty, he takes up his fork,
 And over the meadows he fcatters his hay,
 Or with the ftiff plough turns up furrows of clay :
 His harveft is crown'd with good English glee,
 That his country may ever be happy and free ;
 With his hand and his heart to King George does
 he fill,
 May all loyal fouls act the man of the mill.

S O N G.

DELIA'S POWER.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
 I wou'd approach, but dare not move;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
 No other voice but her's can hear,
 No other wit but her's approve;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other swain commend,
 Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
 That instant enemy I prove;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 The clearest spring, or shady grove;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When arm'd with insolent disdain,
 She seem'd to triumph o'er my pain;
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

S O N G.

JOHNNY AND MARY.

DOWN the bourne and thro' the mead,
 His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
 Johnny lilting tun'd his reed,
 And Mary wip'd her bonny mou.
 Dear she loo'd the well known song,
 While her Johnny, blithe and bonny,
 Sung her praise the whole day long.

Down the bourne, &c.

Costly claithes she had but few,
 Of rings and jewels nae great store,
 Her face was fair, her love was true,
 And Johnny wisely with'd no more;
 Love's the pearl, the shepherd's prize,
 O'er the mountain, rear the fountain,
 Love delights the shepherd's eyes.

Down the bourne, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,
 And Johnny cou'd nae these impart;
 Youthful Mary's greatest wealth
 Was still her faithful Johnny's heart:
 Sweet the joys the lovers find!
 Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,
 Where the heart is always kind.

Down the bourne, &c.

S O N G.

TARRY HERE WITH ME AND LOVE.

STRAY not to those distant scenes,
 From thy comfort do not rove ;
 Tarry in those peaceful glens,
 Tread the quiet paths of love.
 Is not this sequester'd shade
 Richer than the proud alcove ?
 Tarry in this peaceful shade,
 Tarry here with me and love.

Listen to the woodlark's note,
 Listen to the cooing dove :
 Hark ! the thrush's mellow note,
 All uniting, carol love.
 See the limpid brooks around,
 Winding thro' the varied grove :
 This is passion's fairy ground,
 Tarry here with me and love.

S O N G.

THE SEA FIGHT.

STAND to your guns, my hearts of oak,
 Let not a word on board be spoke,
 Victory soon will crown the joke ;
 Be silent and be ready.
 Ram home your guns, and sponge them well,
 Let us be sure the balls will tell,
 The cannons roar shall sound their knell ;
 Be steady, boys, be steady.

Not yet, nor yet—reserve your fire
 I do desire :—Fire !
 Now the elements do rattle,
 The gods, amaz'd behold the battle,
 A broadside, my boys.

See the blood in purple tide,
 Trickle down her batter'd side ;
 Wing'd with fate the bullets fly ;
 Conquer, boys,—or bravely die :
 Hurl destruction on your foes,
 She sinks—huzza !
 To the bottom down she goes.

S O N G.

THE MARINERS.

WE be three poor mariners,
 Newly come from the seas,
 We spend our lives in jeopardy,
 While others live at ease.
 Shall we go dance the round,
 While others live at ease,
 And he that is a bully boy,
 Come pledge me on this ground.

We care not for those martial men,
 That do our states disdain ;
 But we care for those merchant men,
 That do our states maintain :
 To them we dance this round ;
 And he that is a bully gay,
 Come pledge me on this ground.

S O N G.

HUNTING SONG.

*Sung by Mr. Doyle, in the Medley, or Harlequin
Every Where.*

GIVE round the word dismount, dismount,
While echoed by the sprightly horn;
The toils and pleasures we recount
Of this sweet heath-inspiring morn.

CHORUS.

'Twas glorious sport, none e're did lag,
Nor drew amiss, nor made a stand,
But all as firmly kept their pace,
As had Actæon been the stag,
And we had hunted by command
Of the goddess of the chase.
And we had hunted by command
Of the goddess of the chase.

The hounds were out and snuff'd the air,
And scarce had reach'd the appointed spot,
But pleased they heard a layer, a layer,
And presently drew on the flot.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now o'er yonder plain he fleets,
The deep-mouth'd hounds begin to bawl,
And echo note for note repeats,
While sprightly horns resound a call.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now the stag has lost his pace,
 And while war-haunch the huntsman cries,
 His bosom swells, tears wet his face,
 He pants, he struggles, and he dies.
'Twas glorious sport, &c.

S O N G.

BONNY JAMIE O.

WHERE new mown hay, on winding Tay,
 The sweets of spring discloses,
 As I one morning singing lay,
 Upon a bank of roses ;
 Young Jamie whisking o'er the mead,
 By gude luck chanc'd to spy me,
 He took his bonnet off his head,
 And fastly sat down by me.
 My bonny, bonny Jamie O,
 My bonny, bonny Jamie O,
 I care not tho' the world should know
 How dearly I love Jamie O.

The swain tho' I right meickle prize,
 Yet now I wad na ken him,
 But with a frown my heart disguis'd,
 And strave away to send him ;
 But fondly he still nearer prest,
 And at my feet down lying ;
 His beating heart it thumpt sae fast,
 I thought the lad was dying.
My bonny, &c.

But still resolving to deny,
 And angry passion feigning,
 I after roughly shot him by
 With words fow of disdaining ;
 He seiz'd my hand, and nearer drew,
 And gently chiding a my pride ;
 So sweetly did the shepherd woo,
 I blushing vow'd to be his bride.

My bonny, &c.

S O N G.

BACCHANALIAN JOYS DEFEATED.

WHILE I'm at the tavern quaffing,
 Well dispos'd for t'other quart,
 Comes my wife to spoil my laughing,
 Telling me 'tis time to part ;
 Words I knew were unavailing,
 Yet I sternly answer'd no !
 Till from motives more prevailing,
 Sitting down she treads my toe.

Such kind tokens to my thinking,
 Most emphatically prove,
 That the joys which flow from drinking
 Are averse to those of love.
 Farewell friends, and t'other bottle,
 Since I can no longer stay ;
 Love more learn'd than Aristotle,
 Has to move me found the way.

S O N G.

PRAISE OF LOVE.

NEVER till now I knew love's smart,
 Guess who it was that stole my heart,
 'Twas only you, if you'll believe me.
 'Twas only you, &c.

Since that I've felt love's fatal pow'r,
 Heavy has pass'd each anxious hour,
 If not with you, if you'll believe me.
 If not with you, &c.

Honour and wealth no joys can bring,
 Nor I be happy, tho' a king,
 If not with you, if you'll believe me.
 If not with you, &c.

When from this world I'm call'd away,
 For you alone I'd wish to stay,
 For you alone, if you'll believe me.
 For you alone, &c.

Grave on my tomb, where'er I'm laid,
 Here lies one who lov'd but one maid,
 That's only you, if you'll believe me.
 That's only you, &c.

S O N G.

DEATH OR LIBERTY.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

WHILST happy is my native land,
 I boast my country's charter,
 I'll never basely lend my hand,
 Her liberties to barter.
 The noble mind is not at all
 By poverty degraded ;
 'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
 And well I am persuaded,
 Each freeborn Briton's song shall be,
 Or give me death or liberty,
 Or give me, &c.

Tho' small the pow'r which fortune grants,
 And few the gifts she sends us,
 The lordly hireling often wants
 That freedom which defends us ;
 By law secur'd from lawless strife,
 Our house is our castellum ;
 Thus bless'd with all that's dear in life,
 For lucre shall we sell 'em ?
 No !—every Briton's song should be,
 Give me death or liberty.
 Give me death, &c.

S O N G.

THE ROSE.

Sung by Mrs. Baddely, in Selima and Azor.

NO flower that blows is like this rose,
Or scatters such perfume ;
Upon my breast, ah, gently rest,
And ever ever bloom !

Dear pledge to prove a parent's love,
A pleasing gift thou art ;
Come, sweetest flower, and from this hour
Live henceforth in my heart !

S O N G.

DECEMBER IS THE MONTH.

DECEMBER is the month
When British brains are addled,
The morning's wet and dirty,
So get the cattle faddled ;
For a hunting we will go,
Will go, will go, will go.
For, &c.

What pleasure is so excellent
As whip, and cut, and spur !
What music can compare
To the yelping of a cur,
When a hunting, &c.

Acteon was a hunter bold,
 Wore horns upon his pate,
 But we will take our wives with us,
 And so avoid his fate,
 When a hunting, &c.

If in ditch, or bog, or brake
 Our carcase chance to stick in,
 We're champions all, and fight the cause
 Of gander, goose, and chicken,
 When a hunting, &c.

But if perchance a fox chace
 Should cost a man his breath,
 We're all militia captains now,
 And who's afraid of death,
 When a hunting, &c.

Then should we break fly Reynard's neck,
 In pastime e'nt it merit,
 And if perchance we break our own,
 Why damme e'nt it spirit,
 When a hunting, &c.

But if a quist won't quit his bed,
 For sports so blithe and bonny,
 We'll swear he hates fatigue and dirt,
 And call him macaroni,
 When a hunting, &c.

Abuse him for his want of taste,
 Since nothing so bewitches,
 Like spending all the winter long
 In boots and leather breeches,
 When a hunting, &c.

S O N G.

SWEET PASSION OF LOVE.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, in Cymon.

THIS cold flinty heart it is you who have
warm'd,
You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd,
In vain against merit and Cymon I strove,
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love !

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow ;
From youth that is frost-nipt no raptures can flow ;
Elysium to him but a desert will prove :
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love !

The spring should be warm, the young season be gay,
Her birds and her flow'rets make blithsome sweet
May ;
Love blesses the cottage, and sings thro' the grove ;
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love !

S O N G.

THE SAILOR'S ADVICE.

Sung by Mr. Darly, in the Choice of Harlequin.

AS you mean to set sail for the land of delight,
And in wedlock's soft hammocks to swing
ev'ry night,
If you hope that your voyage successful should prove,
Fill your sails with affection, your cabin with love.
Fill your sails, &c.

Let your hearts like the main-mast, be ever upright,
 And the union you boast, like our tackle be tight ;
 Of the shoals of Indiff'rence be sure to keep clear,
 And the quicksands of Jealousy never come near.

And the quicksands, &c.

If husbands e'r hope to live peaceable lives,
 They must reckon themselves, give the helm to their
 wives,

For the evener we go, boys, the better we sail,
 And on ship-board the helm is still rul'd by the tail.

And on ship-board, &c.

Then list to your pilot, my boy, and be wise ;
 If my precepts you scorn, and my maxims despise,
 A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn,
 And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horn.

And a hundred, &c.

S O N G.

THE BRIDEWELL SONG.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Choice of Harlequin.

YE Scamps, ye Pads, ye Divers, and all upon the
 lay,

In Tothil-fields gay sheep-walk, like lambs ye sport
 and play,

Ratling up your darbies, come hither at my call,
 I'm Jigger Dubber here, and you're welcome to Mill
 Doll.

With my tow, row, &c.

At your Insurance-Office the flats you've taken in ;
The game you've play'd, my Kiddy, you're always
sure to win :

First you touch the shiners—the number up—you
break,

With your insuring policy! I'd not insure your neck.
With my tow, row, &c.

The French, with trotters nimble, could fly from
English blows,

And they've got nimble daddles, as Monsieur plainly
shews :

Be thus the foes of Britain bang'd! aye, thump away,
Monsieur,

The hemp you're beating now will make you soli-
taire.

With my tow, row, &c.

My peepers, who've we here now? why this is sure
Black Moll!

My ma'am, you're of the fair sex, so welcome to
Mill Doll :

The Cull with you who'd venture into a snoozing
ken,

Like blackamoor Othello, should put out the light,
and then——

With my tow, row, &c.

I think, my flashy coachman, that you'll take better
care,

Not for a little bub come the slang upon your fare :

Your jazy pays the garnish, unless the fees you tip:

Tho' you're a flashy coachman, here the Gagger
holds the whip.

With my tow, row, &c.

CHORUS.

We're Scamps, we're Pads, we're Divers ; we're all
upon the lay,
In Tothill-fields gay sheep-walk, like lambs we
sport and play ;
Rattling up your darbies, we're either at your call ;
You are Jigger Dubber here, and we're forc'd for to
Mill Doll.

With our tow, row, &c.

S O N G.

GALLOPING DREARY DUN.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Castle of Andalusia.

AIR—PADRILLO.

A MASTER I have, and I am his man,
Gallop'ing dreary dun,
And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
With a haily,
Gaily,
Gambo raily,
Giggling,
Niggling,
Gallop'ing galloway, draggle-tail dreary dun.

I saddled his steed, so fine and so gay,
Gallop'ing dreary dun ;
I mounted my mule, and we rode away,
With our haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,
 Galloping dreary dun :
 The nightingale sung instead of the lark,
 With her haily, &c.

We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 By the Lord, says the friar, you are both astray,
 With your haily, &c.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
 Galloping dreary dun :
 We wander alone, like the babes i'the wood,
 With our haily, &c.

My master's a fighting, and I'll take a peep,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 But now I think better—I'd better go sleep,
 With my haily, &c.

S O N G.

YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT.

Sung by Mr. Wilson, in the Wedding Night.

WHEN up to London first I came,
 An awkward country booby,
 I gap'd and star'd, and did the same
 As ev'ry country looby.
 With countenance demurely set,
 I doff'd my hat to all I met,
 With "zur, your humble servant."

Alas ! too soon I got a wife,
 And proud of such a blessing,
 The joy and bus'ness of my life
 Was kissing and caressing.
 'Twas "charmer, sweeting, duck, and dove !"
 And I, o'er head and ears in love,
 Was Cupid's humble servant.

But when the honey moon was past,
 Adieu to tender speeches !
 Ma'am lov'd quadrille, and lost too fast ;
 I swore I'd wear the breeches.
 I storm in vain ; restraint she hates :
 " Adieu, she cries, the chariot waits ;
 " My dear, your humble servant."

She's gone, poor girl ! and in my cot,
 With friend and bottle smiling,
 Not envious of a higher lot,
 The tedious hours beguiling.
 If care peeps in, I'm busy then ;
 I nod, desire he'll call again,
 And am his humble servant.

Since life's a jest, as wise ones say,
 'Tis best employ'd in laughing ;
 And come what frowning cares there may,
 My antidote is quaffing.
 I'm ever jovial, gay, and free,
 For this is my philosophy ;
 And so your humble servant.

S O N G.

THE DUMB WIFE.

THERE was a bonny blade had married a country maid,

And safely conducted her home, home, home ;
She was neat in ev'ry part, she pleas'd him to the heart,

But, ah ! alas ! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She was bright as the day, and as brisk as the May,
And as round and as plump as a plumb, plumb, plumb,

But still the filly swain could do nothing but complain,

Because that his wife she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could brew and she could bake, she could sew
and she could make,

She could sweep clean the house with a broom,
broom, broom,

She could wash and she could wring, or do any kind
of thing ;

But, ah ! alas ! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the doctor then he went, for to give himself content,

And to cure his wife of the mum, mum, mum :
Oh, 'tis the easiest part that belongs unto my art,
To make a woman speak that is dumb, dumb,
dumb.

Then the doctor he did bring, and he cut her chat-
 t'ring string,
 And at liberty set her tongue, tongue, tongue ;
 Oh, her tongue began to walk, which made her loud
 to talk,
 As tho' she had never been dumb, dumb, dumb.

Her faculty she tries, and she fill'd the house with
 noise,
 And she rattled in his ears like a drum, drum,
 drum ;
 She bred a deal of strife, made him weary of his life,
 He'd give any kind of thing she was dumb, dumb,
 dumb.

To the doctor then he goes, and thus he vents his
 woes,
 Oh, doctor, 'tis nothing but a hum, hum, hum,
 For my wife is turn'd a scold, and her tongue she
 will not hold,
 I'd give any kind of thing she was dumb, dumb,
 dumb.

When I did undertake to make thy wife to speak,
 It was a thing easily done, done, done ;
 But 'tis past the art of man, let him do whate'er he
 can,
 To make a scolding wife hold her tongue, tongue,
 tongue.

S O N G.

MY DOG AND MY GUN.

Sung in Love in a Village.

LET the gay ones and great
 Make the most of their fate,
 From pleasure to pleasure they run ;
 Well, who cares a jot ?
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light ;
 The blisses I find
 No stings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

S O N G.

I MADE LOVE TO KATE.

Sung in the Jovial Crew.

I MADE love to Kate, long I sigh'd for she,
 'Till I heard of late, she'd a mind to me :
 I met her on the green in her best array,
 So pretty she did seem, she stole my heart away ;
 Oh, then we kiss'd and press'd, we're we much to
 blame ?
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
 same.

Then the doctor he did bring, and he cut her chat-
t'ring string,
And at liberty set her tongue, tongue, tongue ;
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 So pretty she did seem, she stole my heart away ;
 Oh, then we kiss'd and press'd, we're we much to
 blame ?
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
 same.

As I fonder grew, she began to prate,
 Quoth she, I'll marry you, if you will marry Kate ;
 But then I laugh'd and swore, I lov'd her more
 than so,
 For, tied each to a rope's end, 'was tugging to and
 fro :
 Again we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to
 blame ?
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
 same.

Then she sigh'd, and said she was wond'rous sick ;
 Dicky Katy led, Katy she led Dick ;
 Long we toy'd and play'd under yonder oak,
 Katy lost the game, tho' she play'd in joke,
 For there we did, alas ! what I dare not name,
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
 same.

S O N G.

THE JOLLY SAILOR.

A JOLLY jack tar, but a little while since,
 As drunk as a beggar, as bold as a prince,
 Fell foul of an alehouse, and thought it a sin
 To pass without calling, so went roaring in.
Derry down, &c.

He scarce had sat down, when the landlord came by
 With pudding and beef, which attracted his eye ;
 From the malt-head a sailor, Jack leapt from his
 place,
 And grasping his cudgel gave orders for chace.
Derry down, &c.

Now it happen'd together ten Frenchmen were met,
 Resolving soup-maigre and frogs to forget ;
 Convinc'd of their error, they'd order'd a feast,
 To be drest and serv'd up in the true English taste.
Derry down, &c.

At the heels of the landlord Jack quickly appears,
 And made the room echo with three British cheers ;
 Then sat himself down without any debate,
 And whipt his old chew on his next neighbour's
 plate.
Derry down, &c.

No sooner was Jack thus possess'd of a place,
 Than thinking it needless to wait for a grace,
 In spite of their whispers, the stout English thief
 First grappled the pudding, then boarded the beef.
Derry down, &c.

Now nothing could equal the Frenchmen's surprise,
 They shrunk up their shoulders and star'd with their
 eyes,
 From one went a hah, from another a hem ;
 They look'd at the landlord, the landlord at them.
Derry down, &c.

One, more bold than the rest, by his brethrens' advice,
 Made a sneaking attempt to come in for a slice,
 But Jack cut his fingers, and gave him a check,
 Crying, down with your arms, or I'll soon clear the
 deck.
Derry down, &c.

At length, to revenge, all the Frenchmen unite,
 Each seiz'd on his knife, and prepar'd for a fight ;
 Of quarters, says Jack, I would have you not think,
 So strike, you soup-bibbers, strike, strike, or you sink.
 F 5 *Derry down, &c.*

The landlord, beholding, approach'd from afar,
 And, sneaking behind, seiz'd the hands of the tar ;
 I've got him, says he, but he scarce could say more,
 Ere he found his dull pate where his heels were be-
 fore.

Derry down, &c.

Then, frowning, Jack flourish'd his trusty old stick,
 And lay on his broadsides so fast and so thick ;—
 He so well play'd his part, in a minute, that four
 Lay sprawling along, with the host, on the floor !

Derry down, &c.

The rest, being dismay'd at their countrymen's fate,
 Each fearing Jack's stick would alight on his pate,
 Soon yielded him victor, and lord of the main,
 With humble intreaty to bury their slain.

Derry down, &c.

To which he consented, but order'd that they
 For the beef, and the pudding, and porter should pay ;
 So saying, he stagger'd away to his wench,
 Still whooping and crying, down, down with the
 French.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

COME, bustle, bustle, drink about,
 And let us merry be,
 Our can is full, we'll pump it out,
 And then all hands to sea.

And a sailing we will go.

Fine Miss at dancing-school is taught
The minuet to tread,
But we go better when we've brought
The fore-tack to cat-head.

And a sailing, &c.

The jockey's call'd to horse, to horse,
And swiftly rides the race,
But swifter far we shape our course
When we are giving chace.

And a sailing, &c.

When horns and shouts the forest rend,
His pack the huntsman cheers ;
As loud we hollow, when we send
A broadside to monfieurs.

And a sailing, &c.

The What's-their-names at uproar squall,
With music fine and soft,
But better sounds our boatswain's call,
All hands, all hands aloft.

And a sailing, &c.

With gold and silver streamers fine
The ladies rigging shew,
But English ships more grander shine,
When prizes home we tow.

And a sailing, &c.

What's got at sea we spend on shore,
With sweethearts or our wives ;
And then, my boys, hoist sail for more,
Thus pass the sailors lives.

And a sailing, &c.

S O N G.

THE ECHOING HORN.

Sung in Thomas and Sally.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad,
 To horse, my brave boys, and away ;
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
 Upbraids our too tedious delay.

What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox !
 O'er hill and o'er valley he flies ;
 Then follow, we'll soon overtake him—huzza !
 The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant, returning at night with the spoil,
 Like bacchanals, shouting and gay,
 How sweet with the bottle and lass to refresh,
 And lose the fatigues of the day !

With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy :
 Dull wisdom all happiness sours :
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

S O N G.

THE DAWN OF HOPE.

A DAWN of hope my soul revives,
 And banishes despair ;
 If yet my dearest Damon lives,
 Make him, ye gods, your care !

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,
 My tender grief remove !
 Oh, send some cheering ray of light,
 And guide me to my love !

Thus, in a secret, friendly shade,
 The pensive Celia mourn'd,
 While courteous echo lent her aid,
 And sigh for sigh return'd.

When, sudden, Damon's well-known face
 Each rising fear disarms ;
 He eager springs to her embrace,
 She sinks into his arms !

S O N G.

BRITONS TO GLORY.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

COME, ye lads who wish to shine
Bright in future story ;
Haste to arms, and form the line
That leads to martial glory.

CHORUS.

*Charge the musket, point the lance,
Brave the worst of dangers ;
Tell the blust'ring sons of France,
That we to fear are strangers.*

Britain, when the lion's rous'd,
And her flag is rearing,
Always finds her sons dispos'd
To drub the foe that's daring.

Charge the musket, &c.

Hearts of oak, with speed advance ;
Pour your naval thunder
On the trembling shores of France,
And strike the world with wonder.

Charge the musket, &c.

Honour for the brave to share
Is the noblest booty ;
Guard your coasts, protect the fair ;
For that's a Briton's duty.

Charge your musket, &c.

What, if Spain should take their parts,
And form a base alliance ;
All unite, and English hearts,
May bid the world defiance.

CHORUS.

*Beat the drum, the trumpet sound.
Manly and united ;
Danger face, maintain your ground,
And see your country righted.*

S O N G.

MUNGO'S COMPLAINT.

Sung in the Padlock.

DEAR heart! what a terrible life am I led!
A dog has a better that's shelter'd and fed;
Night and day 'tis the same;
My pain is dere game;
Me wish to de Lord me was dead!

Whate'er's to be done,
Poor black must run;
Mungo here, mungo dere,
Mungo every where;
Above or below,
Sirrah, come, sirrah, go;
Do so, and do so:
Oh! Oh!——
Me wish to de Lord me was dead!

S O N G.

O THE DAYS WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

Sung in the Duenna.

O THE days when I was young,
 When I laugh'd in fortune's spite,
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,
 And with nectar crown'd the night !
 Then it was, old father Care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown,
 Half thy malice youth could bear,
 And the rest a bumper drown.

O the days, &c.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
 Why, I vow, I ne'er could see ;
 Let the water-drinkers tell—
 There it always lay for me :
 For when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I falshood's mask ;
 But still the honest truth I found
 In the bottom of each flask.

O the days, &c.

True, at length, my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay ;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey :
 Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
 While thy spirits do not tire ;
 Still beneath thy age's frost
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.

O the days, &c.

S O N G.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain—

*Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be slaves.*

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall ;
Must, in, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
More dreadful, &c.

As the loud blast, the blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
All their, &c.

Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
 Thy cities, &c.
 And thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,
 Shall to, &c.
 Blest isle ! with beauties, with matchless beauties
 crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.

*Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
 For Britons never will be slaves.*

S O N G.

THE WANDERING SAILOR.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
 A competence in life to gain,
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find, at last, content and ease ;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunders shake from pole to pole ;
 Tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home ;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl, the jovial crew
The early scenes of youth renew,
Tho' each his favourite fair will boast,
This is the universal toast—
May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
Cast anchor on our native shore !

S O N G.

THE DUSKY NIGHT.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn ;
The hounds all join in jovial cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
And a hunting we will go, &c.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay ;
My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows ;
You cannot hunt to-day.
Yet a hunting we will go, &c.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
Their steeds they soundly switch ;
Some are thrown in, some are thrown out,
And some are thrown in the ditch.
Yet a hunting we will go, &c.

At last, from strength to faintness worn,
 Poor Reynard ceases flight ;
 Then, weary, homeward we return,
 And drink away the night.

And a drinking we will go, &c.

S O N G.

THE CHAISE MARINE.

MY dearest life, were thou my wife,
 How happy should I be !
 And all my care, in peace and war,
 Should be to pleasure thee.
 When up and down, from town to town,
 We jolly soldiers rove,
 Then you, my queen, in chaise marine,
 Shall move like queen of love.

Your love I'd prize beyond the skies,
 Beyond the spoils of war,
 Would'st thou agree to follow me,
 In humble baggage car :
 For happiness, tho' in distress,
 In soldiers wives is seen ;
 And pride in coach has more reproach
 Than love in chaise marine.

Oh, do not hold your love in gold,
 Nor set your heart on gain !
 Behold the great, with all their state,
 Their lives are care and pain.
 In house or tent I pay no rent,
 Nor care nor trouble see ;
 But ev'ry day I get my pay,
 And spend it merrily.

Love not those knaves, great fortune's slaves,
 Who lead ignoble lives ;
 Nor deign to smile on men so vile,
 Who fight none but their wives.
 For Britain's right and you we fight,
 And ev'ry ill defy :
 Should but the fair reward our care
 With love and constancy ?

If sighs, nor groans, nor tender moans,
 Can win your harden'd heart,
 Let love in arms, with all his charms,
 Then take a soldier's part.
 With fife and drum the soldiers come,
 And all the pomp of war ;
 Then don't think mean of chaise marine !
 'Tis love's triumphant car.

S O N G.

THE MERRY FELLOW.

HE that will not merry merry be
 With a gen'rous bowl and a toast,
 May he in Bridewell be shut up,
 And fast bound to a post !

Let him be merry merry there,
 And we'll be merry merry here ;
 For who can know where we shall go
 To merry be another year ?

He that will not merry merry be,
 And take his glass in course,
 May he be oblig'd to drink small-beer,
 With ne'er a penny in his purse !

Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be
 With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
 To confound him with her noise !

Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be
 With his mistress in his bed,
 Let him be buried in the church-yard,
 And me put in his stead !

Let him be merry, &c.

S O N G.

THE JOVIAL SEAMAN.

HOW little do the landsmen know
 Of what we sailors feel,
 When storms do mount and winds do blow !
 But we have hearts of steel :
 No danger can affright us,
 No enemy shall flout ;
 We'll make the monfieurs right us,
 So tofs the cann about.

Stick close to orders, messmates ;
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink ;
 Then, France, have at your first-rates,
 For Britons never shrink.
 We'll rummage all we fancy,
 We'll bring them in by scores,
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy
 Shall roll in louis-d'ores.

While here at Deal we're lying,
 With our noble commodore,
 We'll spend our wages freely, boys,
 And then to sea for more.
 In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,
 In war we'll never fly :
 Here's a health to George our king, boys,
 And the royal family !

S O N G.

THE SHEPHERD'S MAID.

Sung in the Padlock.

WAS I a shepherd's maid, to keep
On yonder plains a flock of sheep,
Well pleas'd, I'd watch the live-long day,
My ewes at feed, my lambs at play :
Or, would some bird that pity brings,
But for a moment lend it's wings,
My parents they might rave and scold,
My guardian strive my will to hold ;
Their words are harsh, his walls are high,
But, spite of all, away I'd fly.

S O N G.

THE GENERAL TOAST.

Sung in the School for Scandal.

H ERE's to the maid of bashful fifteen,
Likewise to the widow of fifty ;
Here's to the bold and extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the las's,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
 And likewise to her that has none, fir ;
 Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
 And here's to her that's but one, fir.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
 And to her that's as brown as a berry ;
 And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And here's to the girl that is merry.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
 Young or ancient I care not a feather ;
 So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
 And e'en let us toast them together.
 Let the toast pass, &c.
 Drink to the last,
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

S O N G.

HUNTING SONG.

Sung by Mr. Cubitt, at Vauxhall.

THE blush of Aurora now tinges the morn,
 And dew drops bespangle the sweet-scented
 thorn ;
 Then, sound, brother sportsman, sound, sound the
 gay horn,
 Till Phœbus awakens the day.
 And see, now he rises in splendor how bright !
 I, O, Pæan for Phœbus the god of delight ;
 All glorious in beauty, now vanish the night,
 Then mount, boys, to horse and away.

What raptures can equal the joy of the chase ?
 Health, bloom, and contentment appear in each face,
 And in our swift courfers what beauty and grace,

While we the fleet stag do pursue !

At the deep and harmonious sweet cry of the hounds,
 Struck by terror, he bursts from the forest's wide
 bounds,

And tho' like the lightning he darts o'er the grounds,
 Yet still, boys, we keep him in view.

When chac'd till quite spent, he his life does resign,
 Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's shrine,
 And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,

That hunter so mighty of fame :

Our glasses then charge to our country and king ;
 Love and beauty we'll charge too, and jovially sing,
 Wishing health and success till we make the house ring,
 To all sportsmen and sons of the game !

S O N G.

HE'S AYE A KISSING ME.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.

I WINNA marry ony mon but Sandy o'er the Lee,
 I winna ha the Domminee, for gude he canna be;
 But I will ha my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the Lee,
 For he'e aye a kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me.

I will not have the minister for all his godly looks,
 Nor yet will I the lawyer have, for all his wily crooks;
 I will not have the plowman lad, nor yet will I the
 miller,

But I will ha my Sandy lad, without one panny filler,
For he's aye a kissing, &c.

I will not have the soldier lad, for he gangs to the war,
 I will not have the sailor lad, because he smells of tar,
 I will not have the lord nor laird, for all his mickle
 gear,

But I will have my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the Meir,
For he's aye a kissing, &c.

S O N G.

LET NOT RAGE.

Sung in Artexerxes.

LET not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove ;
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought suspending,
 Judge of mine by thy soft breast ;
 Nor with rancour never ending,
 Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress'd.

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove ;
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Heav'n that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
 Ne'er this wretched state can mend ;
 I, alas ! at once have lost,
 Father, brother, lover, friend.

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove ;
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

S O N G.

A HUNTING SONG.

A WAY to the field, see the morning looks grey,
 And, sweetly bedappled, forbodes a fine day ;
 The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,
 And carol aloud to be led to the chace.

Then, hark, in the morn, to the call of the horn,
 And join with the jovial crew,
 While the season invites, with all its delights,
 The health-giving chace to pursue.

How charming the sight when Aurora first dawns,
 To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns !
 To welcome the sun, now returning from rest,
 Their mattins they chant as they merrily quest.

Then, hark, in the morn, &c.

But oh ! how each bosom with transport it fills,
 To start just as Phœbus peeps over the hills ;
 While joyous, from valley to valley resounds
 The shouts of the hunters and cry of the hounds!

Then, bark, in the morn, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,
 Fly hedges or ditches, or top the barr'd gate ;
 Borne by their bold courfers, no danger they fear,
 And give to the winds all vexation and care.

Then, bark, in the morn, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace quit the joys of the town,
 And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping on down ;
 Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,
 Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.

Then, bark, in the morn, &c.

S O N G.

THE STORM.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer ;

Lift, ye landsmen, all to me ;

Messmates, hear a brother sailor

Sing the dangers of the sea :

From bounding billows, first in motion,

When the distant whirlwinds rise,

To the tempest troubled ocean,

Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark, the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
 By top-fail-sheets and haul-yards stand;
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
 Down your stay-fails, hands, boys, hand.
 Now it freshens, set the braces,
 The lee-top-fail-sheets let go;
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces;
 Up your top-fails nimbly clew.

Now, all you on down-beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
 Fresh enjoyment, wanton courting,
 Safe from all but love's alarms:
 Round us roars the tempest louder,
 Think what fears our minds enthrall;
 Harder yet, yet it blows harder;
 Hark, again the boatswain's call!

The top-fail-yards point to the wind, boys;
 See all clear to reef each course;
 Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
 Tho' the weather should be worse:
 Fore and aft the sprit-fail-yard get,
 Reef the mizen, see all clear;
 Hands up, each preventer-brace set,
 Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
 Peals on peals contending clash;
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash;
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky;
 Different deaths at once surround us,
 Hark! what means yon dreadful cry?

The fore-mast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
 O'er the lee twelve feet 'bove deck ;
 A leak beneath, the chest-tree's sprung out,
 Call all hands to clear the wreck :
 Quick the land yards cut to pieces,
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold ;
 Plumb the well, the leak increases ;
 Four feet water's in the hold !

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives or children mourn :
 Alas ! from hence there's no retreating !
 Alas ! to them there's no return !
 Still the leak is gaining on us,
 Both chain-pumps are choak'd below :
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us !
 For only that can save us now.

On the lee-beam is the land, boys !
 Let the guns o'er board be thrown ;
 To the pump come ey'ry hand, boys ;
 See, our mizen-mast is gone !
 The leak we've found, it can't pour fast ;
 We've lighten'd her a foot, or more ;
 Up, and rig a jury-fore-mast ;
 She rights, she rights, boys ; ware off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind fortune sav'd our lives ;
 Come—the cann, boys—let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts and our wives.
 Fill it up—about ship wheel it ;
 Close to the lips a brimmer join ;
 Where's the tempest now ? who feels it ?
 None—our danger's drown'd in wine.

S O N G.

HAD I A HEART.

Sung in the Duenna.

HAD I a heart for falshood fram'd
 I ne'er could injure you ;
 For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
 Your charms would make me true.

To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong ;
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong ;
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young.

S O N G.

A HUNTING SONG.

Sung by Mr. Mahon.

DO you hear, brother sportsman, the found of
the horn,
And yet the sweet pleasure decline ?
For shame—rouze your senses ! and, ere it is morn,
With me the sweet melody join.

Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor we'll rally,
Nor quit him till panting he lies ;
While hounds in full cry, thro' hedges shall fly,
And chace the swift hare till she dies.

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields
Both willing and joyous repair :
No pastime in life greater happiness yields
Then chacing the fox and the hare.

For such comforts, my friend, on the sportsman
attend,
No pleasure like hunting is found ;
For when it is o'er, then, as brisk as before,
Next morning we spurn up the ground.

S O N G.

HEARTS OF OAK.

COME, cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glory we steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful year;
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves;
 For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

CHORUS.

*Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men;
 We always are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady;
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.*

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay;
 They never see us but they wish us away:
 If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
 For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

They swear they'll invade us—these terrible foes,
 They'll frighten our women, our children, and beaux;
 But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them ashore.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them
 sweat,

In spite of the devil, or Brussel's gazette:
 Then, cheer up, my lads! with one voice let us sing,
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen and king!

S O N G.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

GUARDIAN angels now protect me !
 Send me to the swain I love !
 Cupid with thy bow direct me !
 Help me, all ye pow'rs above !
 Bear him my sighs, ye gentle breezes !
 Tell him I love, and I despair ;
 Tell him, for him I grieve ;
 Say 'tis for him I live ;
 O may the shepherd be sincere !

Thro' the shady groves I'll wander,
 Silent as the bird of night !
 Near the brink of yonder fountain
 First Leander blest'd my sight.
 Witness, ye groves and falls of water !
 Echoes, repeat the vows he swore !
 Can he forget me ?
 Will he neglect me ?
 Shall I never see him more ?

Does he love, and yet forsake me,
 To admire a nymph more fair ?
 If 'tis so, I'll wear the willow,
 And esteem the happy pair.
 Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling ;
 Ne'er more the cares of life pursue ;
 The lark and Philomel
 Only shall hear me tell,
 What makes me bid the world adieu !

S O N G.

THE HAPPY MILLER.

Sung in the Miller of Mansfield.

HOW happy a state does the miller possess,
 Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less!
 On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.
Which is, &c.

What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
 The more he is powder'd, the more like a beau :
 A clown in his dress may be honest far
 Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
 The hands of his betters are not very clean ;
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal :—
 Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like meal.

What, then, if a pudding for dinner he lacks,
 He cribs, without scruple, from other men's sacks ;
 In this sort of right noble example he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other men's bags,

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
 In this too he mimicks the tools of the state,
 Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill
 As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,
 And down, when he's weary, contented does lie ;
 Then rises up cheerful, to work and to sing :
 If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king ?

S O N G.

THE APPRENTICE SONG.

Sung by the Free Masons.

COME, let us prepare,
We brothers that are
Assembled on merry occasion ;
Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
Our wine has a spring :
Here's a health to an accepted mason !

The world is in pain
Our secret to gain,
But still let them wonder and gaze on ;
Till they're shewn the light,
They'll ne'er know the right
Word, or sign of an accepted mason.

'Tis this and 'tis that ;
They cannot tell what ;
Why so many great men in the nation
Should aprons put on,
To make themselves one
With a free and an accepted mason.

Great kings, dukes, and lords
Have laid by their swords,
This, our myst'ry, to put a good grace on ;
And ne'er been ashamed
To hear themselves nam'd
With a free and an accepted mason.

Antiquity's pride
 We have on our side ;
 It makes each man just in his station :
 'There's nought but what's good
 To be understood
 By a free and an accepted mason.

We're true and sincere,
 And just to the fair,
 They'll trust us on ev'ry occasion ;
 No mortal can more
 The ladies adore
 Than a free and an accepted mason.

Then join hand in hand,
 To each other firm stand ;
 Let's be merry, and put a bright face on ;
 No mortal can boast
 So noble a toast
 As a free and an accepted mason.

S O N G.

JOLLY BACCHUS.

Sung in the Devil to Pay.

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
 Crown this night with pleasure ;
 Let none at cares of life repine,
 To destroy our pleasure :
 Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
 That ev'ry true and loyal soul
 May drink and sing without controul,
 To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
 Guardian to our pleasure,
 That under thy protection we
 May enjoy new pleasure;
 And as the hours glide away,
 We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
 And sing thy praises, that we may
 Live and die with pleasure.

S O N G.

THE ADIEU.

FAREWELL to the meads and the fields,
 Where late so delighted I rov'd!
 Farewell all the sweets Nature yields!
 I've lost the dear charmer I lov'd!

Farewell the delights of the spring—
 In beauty and health ever new!
 No more in your praise shall I sing,
 For Strephon thus bids you adieu!

For ever farewell to the shade
 Where to Delia I tender'd my love!
 For ever far well to the glade
 Where she did my passion approve!

Farewell to the hill and the dale,
 To the grot and each pastoral view!
 Your charms can no longer prevail,
 And Strephon thus bids you adieu!

No more, in the morning so gay,
 Shall Strephon trip over the lawn !
 No more sing his carols to May,
 Or rejoice in th' approach of the dawn !

For Delia, alas ! is no more—
 My Delia so constant and true !
 Her loss I shall ever deplore ;—
 For ever, for ever adieu !

S O N G.

FREE FROM SORROW.

Sung in the Maid of the Mill.

FREE from sorrow, free from strife,
 O how blest the miller's life !
 Cheerful working thro' the day,
 Still he laughs and sings away :
 Nought can vex him,
 Nought perplex him,
 While there's grist to make him gay.

DUET.

Let the great enjoy the blessings
 By indulgent fortune sent :
 What can wealth, can grandeur offer
 More than plenty and content ?

CHORUS.

Free from sorrow, &c.

S O N G.

JACKY BULL FROM FRANCE.

Sung by Mr. Wilson, in the Agreeable Surprise.

IN Jacky Bull, when bound for France,
 The gosling you discover ;
 But taught to ride, to fence, and dance,
 A finish'd goose comes over.
 With his tierce and carte—fa ! fa !
 And his cotillion so smart—ha ! ha !
 He charms each female heart—oh, la !
 As Jacky returns from Dover.

For cocks and dogs, see 'squire at home,
 The prince of country tonies ;
 Return'd from Paris, Spa, or Rome,
 Our 'squire's a nice adonis.
 With his tierce and carte—fa ! fa !
 And his cotillion so smart—ha ! ha !
 He charms the female heart—oh, la !
 The pink of macaronies.

S O N G.

SWEET ROBIN.

Sung in the Padlock.

SAY, little foolish, flutt'ring thing,
 Whither, ah ! whither would you wing
 Your airy flight ?
 Stay here and sing
 Your mistress to delight.
 No, no, no ;—
 Sweet Robin, you shall not go :
 Where, you wanton, could you be,
 Half so happy as with me ?

S O N G.

THE BONNY SEAMAN.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall.

FAIR Sally lov'd a bonny seaman ;
 With tears she sent him out to roam ;
 Young Thomas lov'd no other woman,
 But left his heart with her at home.
 She view'd the sea from off the hill ;
 And as she turn'd her spinning wheel,
 She sung of her bonny seaman.

The wind blew loud, and she grew paler
 To see the weather-cock turn round ;
 When lo ! she spied her bonny failor
 Come tripping o'er the fallow ground ;
 With nimble haite he leapt the stile,
 And Sally met him with a smile,
 And hug'd her bonny failor.

This knife, the gift of lovely Sally,
 I still have kept it for her sake ;
 A thousand times, in am'rous folly,
 Thy name I've carv'd upon the deck :
 Again this happy pledge returns,
 To shew how truly Thomas burns—
 How truly burns for Sally.

This thimble did'st thou give to Sally ;
 While this I see I think on you ;
 Then why does Tom stand shilly shally,
 While yonder steeple is in view ?
 Tom, never to occasion blind,
 Now took her in the willing mind,
 And went to church with Sally.

S O N G.

KISS MY BONNY MOU.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

AS I was ganging o'er the lee
 I chanc'd to look behind,
 And wha right glancing shu'd I see
 But Woodland Joe, the hind.
 When we had gang'd the braes awile,
 He said to me, my dow,
 May I not sit upon this stile,
 And kifs your bonny mou.

Kind Sir, ye are a wee mista'en,
 For I am nane of these ;
 I hope ye some more breeding ken,
 Than ruffle lasses claiths.
 The lad was check'd, and vow'd to seek
 Young Jane wi blithsome brow,
 She'd let him clasp her round the neck,
 And kifs her bonny mou.

I ca'd him then proud-hearted swain,
 And laith to be said nay ;—
 A sonsey thought he started then,
 And nam'd the wedding day.
 He's braw and blithe—I lik'd him weel,
 Nor frown upon him now ;
 Tho' bolder grown, his vows to seal,
 He kifs'd my bonny mou.

S O N G.

AMO AMAS.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Agreeable Surprise.

*A*MO *amas*,
 I love a lass,
 As a cedar tall and slender :
 Sweet Cowslip's grace
 Is her nom'tive case,
 And she's of the feminine gender.

CHORUS.

Rorum corum,
Sunt divorum,
Harum scarum !
Divo ! —

Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig and hat-band,
Hic, hoc, horum, genitivo !

Can I decline
 A nymph divine ?
 Her voice as a flute is *dulcis* ;
 Her *oculus* bright,
 Her *manus* white,
 And soft, when I *tactō*, her pulse is.
Rorum corum, &c.

Oh, how *bella*
 My *puella* !
 I'll kiss, *secula seculorum* :
 If I've luck, Sir,
 She's my *uxor* ;
 O *dies benedictorum* !
Rorum corum, &c.

S O N G.

A HUNTING SONG.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with
 gold,
 And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops behold;
 The lark's early mornin proclaims the new day,
 And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay:
 With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
 While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
 And the slaves of the state hunt the smiles of the
 court :

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
 But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree ;—
 The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee ;
 The doctor a patient, the courtier a place—
 Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.

With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb, the soldier hunts fame ;
 The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;
 And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
 Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

With the sports of the field, &c

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth—
 All the blessing we ask is the blessing of health :
 With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands
 we roam,
 And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
 While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

S O N G.

THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Quaker.

WHILE the lads of the village shall merrily, ah!
 Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along ;
 And I say unto thee, that verily, ah !
 Thou and I will be first in the throng.

While the lads, &c.

Just then, when the swain who last year won the dow'r,
 With his mate shall the sports have begun ;
 When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each
 bow'r,
 And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.

While the lads, &c.

Those joys which are harmless what mortal can
blame?—

'Tis my maxim that youth should be free;
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the
same,
Believe me, thou'lt presently see.

While the lads, &c.

S O N G.

THE SEASON FOR JOY.

Sung in the Beggars Opera.

YOUTH's the season made for joys,
Love is then our duty;
She alone who that employs
Well deserves her beauty.
Let's be gay
While we may;
Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay.
Youth's the season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
Our's is not to morrow;
Love with youth flies swift away,
Age is nought but sorrow.
Dance and sing,
Time's on the wing;
Life never knows the return of spring.
Let us drink, &c.

S O N G.

THE MULBERRY TREE.

Sung in the Jubilee.

BEHOLD this fair goblet—'twas carv'd from the
tree,
Which, oh! my sweet Shakespeare, was planted by
thee :

As a relick I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree ;

Bend to thee,

Bless'd mulberry !

Matchless was he

That planted thee,

And thou, like him, immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads sweep
the sky ;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices so dear ;

All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast ;
Of the fir we make ships—there are thousands that
fight,

But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.
All shall yield, &c.

H

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,
 Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flow'rs,
 The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
 With the sweetest of flow'rs, and the fairest of fruit.
 All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch
 Supplies law and phyfic, and grace for the church ;
 But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find—
 He gives the best phyfic for body and mind.
 All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree ;
 From him and his merits this takes its degree :
 Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
 The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.
 All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright day,
 More rapture than wine to the heart can convey ;
 So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
 Has the laurel and bays, and the vine all in one.
 All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relick of this hollow tree,
 From folly and fashion a charm let it be ;
 Let's fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
 To honour your country, do honour to him.
 All shall yield, &c.

S O N G.

I AM A POOR COUNTRY CLOWN.

I AM a poor country clown,
 Who lately came to this town ;
 I heard the folks say
 'Twas a place very gay,
 And I long'd for to see it I own.

I luckily met with a friend,
 Who I beg'd his assistance would lend :
 We rambled about,
 Thro' rabble and rout,
 Till I thought the whole world at an end.

We went to a place call'd the play,
 Where I thought for to see something gay;
 They murder'd a king,
 Which I thought a sad thing ;
 Yet the people went laughing away.

The finest of all the gay sights
 Was a place with a number of lights,
 Where they warble and sing
 Like birds in the spring,
 And music with pleasure unites.

I wish, and I wish, I must own,
 We had such a place in our town,
 Or ev'n at the fair ;
 If it could be brought there,
 It would pay well for bringing it down.

S O N G.

ON AMBITION.

L E T ambition fire thy mind ;
 Thou wert born o'er men to reign,
 Not to follow flocks design'd :
 Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet ;
 Thou on necks of kings shalt tread ;
 Joys in circling joys shall meet,
 Which way e'er thy fancy's led.

Let not toils of empire fright ;
 Toils of empire pleasures are :
 Thou shalt only know delight ;
 All the joy, but not the care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize,
 For the blessings I bestow,
 Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
 Happy thou shalt reign below.

S O N G.

I WONNOT BUCKLE TO.

Sung by Mrs. Weisbell.

TWAS within a mile of Edinburgh town,
 In the rosy time of the year,
 Sweet lav'rocks bloom'd, and the grass was down,
 And each shepherd woo'd his dear :
 Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,
 Kifs'd sweet Jenny making hay :
 The lassy blush'd, and frowning cried, no, no, it
 will not do,

I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, munnot buckle to.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
 Tho' long he had follow'd the lass ;
 Contented she earn'd and eat her own bread,
 And merrily turn'd up the grass :
 Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily,
 Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried, no, no, it
 will not do.

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,
 Tho' his flocks and herds were but few ;
 She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,
 And vow'd she'd ever be true :
 Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily :
 At church she no more frowning cried, no, no, it
 will not do.

S O N G.

THE VICAR AND MOSES.

AT the sign of the horse old Spintext of course,
 Each night took his pipe and his pot,
 O'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleasant and happy,
 Was plac'd this canonical sot.

Tol derol, derol, tidol, didol.

The ev'ning was dark, when in came the clerk,
 With reverence due, and submission ;
 First strok'd his cravat, next twirl'd round his hat,
 And, bowing, preferr'd his petition.

I'm come, Sir, says he, to beg, d'ye see,
 Of your reverend worship and glory,
 To inter a poor baby with as much speed as may be,
 And I'll walk with a lanthorn before you.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry ?
 Why, Lord, Sir, the corpse it does stay :
 You fool, hold your peace—since miracles cease,
 A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Then Moses he smil'd, says, Sir, a small child
 Cannot long delay your intentions ;
 Why that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small
 Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye
hear ;

I hate to be call'd from my liquor :

Come, Moses—the King !—'tis a scandalous thing
Such a subject should be but a vicar.

Then Moses he spoke, Sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,
Besides there's a terrible show'r ;

Why Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck twelve,
I'm sure it can never strike more.

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,

Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,

That the corpie, snow or rain, can't endanger that's
plain,

But, perhaps, you or I may take cold.

Then Moses went on—Sir, the clock has struck one ;

Pray, Master, look up at the hand :

Why it ne'er can strike less—'tis a folly to press
A man for to go that can't stand.

At length, hat and cloak old orthodox took,

But first cramm'd his jaw with a quid ;

Each tipt off a gill for fear they should chill,

And then stagger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave the clerk humm'd a slave,

While the surplice was wrapt round the priest ;

Where so droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,

That the parish still talk of the jest.

Good people let's pray—put the corpse t'other way,
Or, perchance, I shall over it stumble;
'Tis best to take care; tho' the sages declare
A mortuum caput can't tremble.

Woman that's born of man—that's wrong—the
leaf's torn;
Oh!—man that is born of a woman
Can't continue an hour, but is cut down like a
flow'r—
You see, Moses, death spareth no man.

Here, Moses, do look, what a confounded book!—
Sure the letters are turn'd upside down!—
Such a scandalous print—sure the devil is in't,
That this Strahan should print for the crown.

Prithee, Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,
And bury the corpse in my stead.
(Amen, Amen.)

Why, Moses, you're wrong! pray hold still your
tongue—
You've taken the tail for the head.

O where's thy sting, death!—put the corpse in the
earth,
For, believe me, 'tis terrible weather:
So the corpse was interr'd without praying a word,
And away they both stagger'd together.

Singing tol derol, &c.

S O N G.

THE BONNY SAILOR.

Sung by Miss Thornton.

MY bonny failor's won my mind ;
 My heart is now with him at sea ;
 I hope the summer's western breeze
 Will bring him safely back to me !
 I wish to hear what glorious toils,
 What dangers he has undergone ;
 What forts he's storm'd, how great the spoils
 From France and Spain my failor's won.

A thousand terrors chill'd my breast,
 When fancy brought the foe in view ;
 And day and night I've had no rest,
 Lest ev'ry gale a tempest blew.
 Bring, gentle gales, my failor home !
 His ship at anchor may I see !
 Three years are sure enough to roam ;
 Too long for one that loves like me.

His face by sultry climes is wan,
 His eyes, by watching, shine less bright ;
 But still I'll own my charming man,
 And run to meet him when in fight.
 His honest heart is what I prize ;
 No weather can make that look old ;
 Tho' alter'd were his face and eyes,
 I'll love my jolly failor bold,

S O N G.

THE YOUNG LINNET.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, in Cymon.

YOU gave me last week a young linnet,
 Shut up in a fine golden cage ;
 Yet, how sad the poor thing was within it !
 Oh ! how it did flutter and rage !
 Then he mop'd and pin'd,
 That his wings were confin'd,
 Till I open'd the door of his den ;
 Then so merry was he,
 And because he was free,
 He came to his cage back again.

S O N G.

A NAVAL SONG.

THURSDAY in the morn, the nineteenth of May,
 Recorded be for ever the famous ninety-two !
 Brave Russell did discern, by dawn of day,
 The lofty sails of France advancing now :
 All hands aloft, aloft,—let English valour shine ;
 Let fly a culverin, a signal for the line :
 Let ev'ry man supply his gun ;
 Follow me,
 And you'll see
 That the battle will soon be begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
 To meet the gallant Ruffel in combat on the deep;
 He led a noble train of heroes bold,
 To sink the English Admiral and his fleet;
 Now ev'ry valiant mind to victory doth aspire;
 The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire;
 And mighty Fate stood looking on,
 Whilst a flood,
 All of blood,
 Fill'd the scuppers of the rising sun.

Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air,
 With thunder and wonder, affright the gallic shore:
 Their regulated band stood trembling near,
 To see their lofty streamers, now no more:
 At six o'clock, the red, the smiling victor led,
 To give a second blow—the fatal overthrow:
 Now death and horror equal reign;
 Now they cry,
 Run or die:
 British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See, they fly amaz'd thro' rocks and sands;
 One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate;
 In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands;
 The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate:
 For evermore adieu, thou dazzling rising sun,
 From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun:
 Enough, thou mighty god of war:
 Now we sing,
 Bless the king!
 Let us drink to every English tar.

S O N G.

PLEASURES OF MATRIMONY.

I AM married, and happy—with wonder hear this,
 Ye rovers and rakes of the age,
 Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,
 And who only loose pleasures engage :

You may laugh ; but, believe me, you're all in the
 wrong,
 When you merrily marriage deride ;
 For to marriage the permanent pleasures belong,
 And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawless connections arise
 Are fugitive—never sincere ;
 Oft stolen with haste, or snatch'd by surprise,
 Interrupted by doubts and by fear :

But those which in legal attachments we find,
 When the heart is with innocence pure,
 Is from ev'ry embitt'ring reflection refin'd,
 And to life's latest hour will endure.

The love which ye boast of deserves not that name ;
 True love is with sentiment join'd ;
 But your's is a passion, a feverish flame,
 Rais'd without the consent of the mind.

When, dreading confinement, ye mistresses hire,
 With this and with that ye are cloy'd ;
 Ye are led and misled, by flatt'ring false fire,
 And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

If you ask me from whence my felicity flows,
 My answer is short,—from a wife,
 Who for cheerfulness, sense, and good-nature I chose,
 Which are beauties that charm us for life :

To make home the seat of perpetual delight,
 Ev'ry hour each studies to seize ;
 And we find ourselves happy from morning to night,
 By our mutual endeavours to please.

S O N G.

LET'S BE JOVIAL.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glasses ;
 Noble deeds are done by wine ;
 Scorn the nymph and all her graces ;
 Who'd for love or beauty pine ?

Look within the bowl that's flowing,
 And a thousand charms you'll find,
 More than Phillis has, tho' going
 In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking,
 Drank about at council board :
 He subdued the world by drinking
 More than by his conq'ring sword.

S O N G.

THE JOLLY BACCHANALIAN.

IF gold could lengthen life, I swear
 It then should be my chiefest care
 To get a heap, that I might say,
 When death came to demand his pay,
 Thou slave, take this, and go thy way.

But since life is not to be bought,
 Why should I plague myself for nought?
 Or foolishly disturb the skies
 With vain complaints, or fruitless cries?
 For if the fatal destinies
 Have all agreed it shall be so,
 What good will gold or crying do?

Give me, to ease my thirsty soul,
 The joys and comforts of the bowl;
 Freedom and health, and whilst I live,
 Let me not want what love can give;
 Then shall I die in peace, and have
 This consolation in the grave,
 That once I had the world my slave.

S O N G.

THE PLEASURES OF THE CHACE.

HARK ! hark ! the joy-inspiring horn
 Salutes the rosy, rising morn,
 And echoes thro' the dale ;
 With clam'rous peals the hills resound,
 The hounds quick scented scow'r the ground,
 And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede
 The brisk, high-mettled starting steed,
 The jovial pack pursue ;
 Like lightning darting o'er the plains,
 The distant hills with speed he gains,
 And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
 And to the copse for shelter makes,
 There pants awhile for breath ;
 When now the noise alarms her ear,
 Her haunt's descried, her fate is near,
 She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,
 The hounds their trembling victim seize ;
 She faints, she falls, she dies :
 The distant couriers now come in,
 And join the loud, triumphant din,
 Till echo rends the skies.

S O N G.

THE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN.

HARK ! away ! 'tis the merry-ton'd horn
 Calls the hunters all up with the morn :
 To the hills and the woodlands we steer,
 To unharbour the out-lying deer.

CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN.

And all the day long
 This, this is our song,
 Still hallooing
 And following,
 So frolic and free ;
 Our joys know no bounds,
 While we're after the hounds ;
 No mortals on earth are so happy as we.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow,
 While the hills they all echo, hillo !
 With a bounce from his cover he flies,
 Then our shouts shall resound to the skies.
And all the day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the valleys, or climb
 Up the health-breathing mountain sublime,
 What a joy from our labours we feel !
 Which alone they who taste can reveal.
And all the day long, &c.

At night, when our labour is done,
 Then we will go hallooing home,
 With a halloo, halloo, and a huzza,
 Resolving to meet the next day.
And all the day long, &c.

S O N G.

SHAKESPEARE'S GARLAND.

Sung in the Jubilee.

LET beauty with the sun arise,
To Shakespeare tribute pay ;
With heavenly smiles, and speaking eyes,
Give grace and lustre to the day.

Each smile she gives protects his name ;
What face shall dare to frown ?
Not envy's self can blast the fame
Which beauty deigns to crown.

S O N G.

CHARMING SALLY.

Sung in Thomas and Sally.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph I strove in vain
My wild desires to rally ;
But now they're of themselves come home,
And, strange ! no longer seek to roam ;
They centre all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one ! damps my joy,
And cries, I court but to destroy ;—
Can love with ruin tally ?
By those dear lips, those eyes I swear,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Can the weak taper's feeble rays,
Or lamps transmit the sun's bright blaze ?
O ! no—then say, how shall I
In words be able to express
My love ? —it burns to such excess,
I almost die for Sally.

Come, then—O come, thou sweeter far
Than jessamin and roses are,
Or lillies of the valley !
O follow love, and quit your fear ;
He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
And make me blest in Sally.

S O N G.

PLEASURE THROUGH LIFE.

Sung in Thomas and Sally.

WHEN I was a young one what girl was like me,
So wanton, so airy, so brisk as a bee ?
I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where e'er
A fiddle was heard, to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say ;
'Twas this, Sir, and that, Sir, but scarce ever nay :
And, Sundays, dress'd out in my silk and my lace,
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man !
 Well, rest him—we all are as good as we can ;
 Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
 And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me, but let me alone ;
 Egad, I've a tongue, and I paid him his own :
 Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is untow'rd,
 Stand firm to your charter, and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe ;
 I'm not what I was forty summers ago :
 This Time's a sore foe ! there's no shunning his dart ;
 However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be fitting mum-chance ;
 I still love a tune, tho' unable to dance ;
 And books of devotion laid by on my shelf—
 I teach that to others I once did myself.

S O N G.

HOW OFT, LOUISA.

Sung in the Duenna.

HOW oft, Louisa, hast thou said,
 (Nor wilt thou that fond boast disown)
 Thou would'it not lose Anthonio's love,
 To reign the partner of a throne.

And by those lips that spoke so kind,
 And by that hand I prest to mine,
 To gain a subject nation's love,
 I swear I would not part with thine !

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
 Who own what kingdoms could not buy?
 Of this true heart: thou shalt be queen,
 And, serving thee, a monarch I.

Thus, uncontroul'd in mutual blifs,
 And rich in love's exhaultless mine,
 Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
 And I'll take kingdoms back from thine,

S O N G.

CHARMING PEGGY.

By Mr. Garrick.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell;
 A flame which time can never quell,
 But burns for thee, my Peggy.

You, greater bards, your lyres should hit;
 For say, what subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling wit,
 And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The sun first rising in the morn,
 That paints the dew bespangled thorn,
 Does not so much the day adorn,
 As does my lovely Peggy.

And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
 He's not so beauteous as, undrest,
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

When zephyr on the vi'let blows,
 Or breathes upon the damask rose,
 It does not half the sweets disclose,
 As does my lovely Peggy.

I stole a kiss the other day,
 And, trust me, nought but truth I say,
 The fragrance of the blooming May
 Was not so sweet as Peggy.

Was she array'd in rustic weed,
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
 And pipe upon the oaten reed,
 To please my lovely Peggy.

With her a cottage would delight ;
 All's happy when she's in my sight ;
 But when she's gone, 'tis endless night ;
 All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r still rove,
 And linnets warble thro' the grove,
 Or stately swans the water love,
 So long shall I love Peggy.

And when Death lifts his pointed dart,
 To strike the blow that rends my heart,
 My words shall be, when I depart,
 Adieu, my lovely Peggy !

S O N G.

TO SYLVIA.

By David Garrick, Esq.

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
 Let Damon urge his claim ;
 He feels the passion, void of art,
 The pure, the constant flame.

Tho' fighting swains their torments tell,
 Their sensual love contemn,
 They only prize the beauteous shell,
 But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
 Destroys the transient fire ;
 But when the mind receives the dart,
 Enjoyment whets desire.

By age your beauty will decay ;
 Your mind improves with years ;
 As when the blossoms fade away,
 The rip'ning fruit appears.

May heav'n and Sylvia grant my suit,
 And bless the future hour,
 That Damon, who can taste the fruit,
 May gather ev'ry flower !

S O N G.

HOW IMPERFECT IS EXPRESSION !

Sung by Mrs. Abington.

HOW imperfect is expression,
 Some emotions to impart,
 When we mean a soft confession,
 And yet seek to hide the heart !
 When our bosoms, all complying,
 With delicious tumults swell,
 And beat, what broken, falt'ring, dying,
 Language would, but cannot tell !

Deep confusion's rosy terror,
 Quite expressive, paints my cheek :
 Ask no more—behold your error—
 Blushes eloquently speak.
 What, tho' silent is my anguish,
 Or breath'd only to the air,
 Mark my eyes, and as they languish,
 Read what your's have written there.

O that you could once conceive me !
 Once my soul's strong feeling view !
 Love has nought more fond, believe me ;
 Friendship nothing half so true.
 From you I am wild, despairing ;
 With you, speechless as I touch ;
 This is all that bears declaring,
 And, perhaps, declares too much.

S O N G.

WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Fair American.

THRO' waves and winds, in days that are no
more,
You held the helm, and ne'er ran foul of shore;
In pitch-dark nights your reck'ning prov'd so true,
We rode out safe the hardest gale that blew.

And when for fight the signal high was shewn,
Thro' smoke and fire, old Boreas strait bore down;
But now our timbers are not fit for sea;
Old England's wooden walls the toast shall be.

From age to age, as ancient story shews,
We rul'd the deep, in spite of envious foes;
And still aloft, tho' world's combine, we rise;
Now all at home are splic'd in friendly ties.

In loud broadsides we'll tell both France and Spain,
We're own'd by Neptune, sov'reigns of the main.
O would my timbers were now fit for sea!
Yet England's wooden walls my toast shall be.

S O N G.

THE DESCRIPTION.

FROM the man whom I love, tho' my heart I
 disguise,
 I freely describe the wretch I despise ;
 And if he has sense to ballance a straw,
 He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau ;
 Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow ;
 A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon ;
 In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon :

As a vulture rapacious, in falshood a fox ;
 Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks ;
 As a tyger ferocious, perverse as a hog ;
 In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
 His head is of lead, and his brains are of feather ;
 Yet if he has sense but to ballance a straw,
 He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.

S O N G.

THE FISHMONGER.

Sung by Mr. Wilson,

In None are so blind as those who won't see.

SINCE you're a sweet soul, and a delicate maid,
A fishmonger surely should not be betray'd ;
Like a crab you go backwards, while I'm fresh and
crimp,
And tho' big as a salmon, you treat me like shrimp.

My mind in good fortune, contented to hug,
As the lady in the lobster I thought myself snug ;
But such a rebuff, like a twenty-four pounder,
Knocks me dead as a herring, and flat as a flounder.

S O N G.

DEATH AND VICTORY.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Fair American.

YE gallant souls, that beat so high,
With England's glory in each vein,
From his example learn to die,
Whose honour never knew one stain.

At break of day two sail appear'd,
 And on the larboard-quarter flood ;
 For action strait the decks were clear'd,
 Which soon, alas ! were dy'd with blood.

My friend maintain'd th' unequal fight ;
 Till bringing all his guns to bear ;
 With red-hot balls their thunders fright,
 And up one Frenchman blew in air.

The other struck her colours now ;
 But, oh ! too late his life to save :
 For, e'er the hostile flag was low,
 A shot had mark'd him for the grave.

S O N G.

THE JOVIAL FREEMAN.

COME all ye young lovers, who, wan with despair,
 Compose idle sonnets, and sigh for the fair ;
 Who puff up their pride by enhancing their charms,
 And tell them, 'tis heaven to lie in their arms ;
 Be wise by example, take pattern from me,
 For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free,
 By Jove I'll be free ;
 For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.

Young Daphne I saw—in the net I was caught—
 I ly'd, and I flatter'd, as custom had taught ;
 I prefs'd her to blifs, which she granted full soon ;
 But the date of my passion expir'd with the moon :
 She vow'd she was ruin'd—I said, it might be ;
 I'm sorry, my dear, but by Jove I'll be free, &c.

The next was young Phillis, as bright as the morn ;
 The love that I proffer'd she treated with scorn ;
 I laugh'd at her folly, and told her my mind,
 That none can be handsome but such as are kind ;
 Her pride and ill-nature was lost upon me,
 For, in spite of fair faces, by Jove I'll be free, &c.

Let others call marriage the harbour of joys ;
 Calm peace I delight in, and fly from all noise ;
 Some chuse to be hamper'd—'tis sure a strange rage,
 Like birds they sing best when put in a cage :
 Confinement's the devil—'twas ne'er made for me—
 Let who will be bond-slaves, by Jove I'll be free, &c.

Then let each brisk bumper run over the glass,
 In a toast to the young and beautiful lass
 Who's yielding and easy, prescribes no dull rule,
 Nor thinks it a wonder a lover should cool :
 Let us bill like the sparrow, and rove like the bee,
 For, in spite of grave lessons, by Jove I'll be free, &c.

S O N G.

THE HONEST SAILOR.

Sung by Mr. Bannister,

In None are so blind as those who won't see.

THAT girl who feign wou'd chuse a mate,
 Shou'd ne'er in fondness fail her ;
 May thank her lucky stars, if Fate
 Should splice her to a failor.

He braves the storm, the battle's heat,
 The yellow boys to nail her ;
 Diamonds, if diamonds she could eat,
 Wou'd seek her honest failor.

If she be true, sure of his heart,
 She never need bewail her ;
 For, tho' a thousand leagues apart,
 Still constant is her failor.

Tho' she be false, still he is kind,
 And comes with smiles to hail her ;
 He trusting, as he trusts the wind,
 Still faithless to her failor.

A butcher can procure her prog ;
 Three-threads to drink, a taylor :
 What's that to biscuit and to grog,
 Procur'd her by her sailer ?

She who wou'd such a mate refuse,
 The Devil fure must ail her :
 Search round, and if you're wise, you'll chuse
 To wed an honest sailer.

S O N G.

THE JOLLY MILLER.

Sung in Love in a Village.

THERE was a jolly miller once
 Liv'd on the river Dee ;
 He work'd, he sung, from morn to night,
 No lark more blithe than he:
 And this the burthen of his song
 For ever us'd to be,
 I care for nobody—no, not I—
 If nobody cares for me.

S O N G.

ARABELLA, OR, THE SISTERS.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Arabella, mamma's care,
 And ripe to be a bride,
 Had charms a monarch might ensnare,
 But beauty mix'd with pride ;
 Had charms a monarch might ensnare,
 But beauty mix'd with pride.

But still to blast that happiness,
 Her pride each lover cool'd ;
 The number of her slaves was less,
 And less the tyrant rul'd,
 And less the tyrant rul'd.

Her sister Charlotte, tho' not blest
 With beauty's potent spell,
 The virtues of the mind possess'd,
 And bore away the bell :
 Knights, earls, and dukes, like summer flies,
 Around the maiden flew ;
 They press'd to tell ten thousand lies,
 As men are apt to do.

Poor Arabella, vex'd to find
 Her sister made a wife,
 Pretends to rail at all mankind,
 And praise a single life.

Fond Celadon address'd the fair,
 Resolv'd no time to lose—
 A youth with such a shape and air,
 What female cou'd refuse?

Like all the rest he own'd his flame,
 His artless flame alone;
 The blushing maid confess the same;
 The priest soon made them one.

Ye virgins, Charlotte's plan pursue—
 Shun Arabella's fate—
 Accept the man that's worthy you,
 Before it is too late.

S O N G.

PLEASURES OF LOVE.

COME, thou rosy-dimpled boy,
 Source of ev'ry heart felt joy,
 Leave the blissful bow'rs awhile,
 Paphos, and the Cyprian isle;
 Visit Britain's rocky shore;
 Britons too thy pow'r adore;
 Britons hardy, bold, and free,
 Own thy laws, and yield to thee;
 Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy;
 Come, thou rosy-dimpled boy.

Haste to Sylvia, haste away,
 This is thine and Hymen's day;
 Bid her thy soft bandage wear;
 Bid her for love's rites prepare;

Let the nymphs, with many a flow'r,
 Deck the sacred nuptial bow'r ;
 Thither lead the lovely fair,
 And let Hymen, too, be there :
 This is thine and Hymen's day ;
 Haste to Sylvia, haste away.

Only while we love we live ;
 Love alone can pleasure give ;
 Pow'r, and pomp, and tinsel state,
 Idle pageants of the great ;
 Crowns and sceptres, envied things,
 And the pride of eastern kings,
 Are but childish, empty toys,
 When compar'd to love's sweet joys :
 Love alone can pleasure give ;
 Only while we love we live.

S O N G.

DOWN THE BOURN, DAVY LOVE.

Sung at Vauxhall.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her een ;
 Blithe Davy's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free :
 Gang down the bourn, Davy love,
 And I will follow thee.

Now Davy did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this bourn side,
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride :
 Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
 Her een was bonny blue,
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew :
 Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a routh,
 Strait to the kirk he led her,
 There plighted her his faith and truth,
 And a bonny bride he made her :
 No more asham'd to own her love,
 Or speak her mind thus free ;
 Gang down the bourn, Davy love,
 And I will follow thee.

S O N G.

THE UNION OF LOVE AND WINE.

WITH woman and wine I defy ev'ry care,
 For life without these is a bubble of air ;
 For life without these, &c.
 Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
 And a new flow of spirits enliven my soul ;
 Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
 I never shall alter my conduct for them ;
 I care not how much they my measures decline ;
 Let 'em have their own humour, and I will have mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve ;
 'Tis the spring-tide of life and the fuel of love :
 And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
 As when Mars bound his head with a branch from the
 vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half divine,
 First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with wine ;
 Then, giving and taking, in mutual return,
 The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.
 But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,
 My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love ;
 For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,
 My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

S O N G.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

IF I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
 Let this be my fate in a fair country town,
 May I have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,
 And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate !
 May I govern my passions with an absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
 Without gout or stone by a gentle decay !

In a country town, by a murmuring brook,
 With the ocean at distance on which I may look ;
 With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
 And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
 May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch, and one or two more
 Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before ;
 With a dish of roast mutton, not ven'son nor teal,
 And clean, tho' coarse linen, at every meal.
 May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sunday, with stout humming li-
 quor,
 And a remnant of latin to puzzle the vicar ;
 With a hidden reserve of Burgundy wine,
 To drink the king's health as oft as we dine.
 May I govern, &c.

With courage undaunted may I face my last day ;
 And when I am dead may the better fort say,
 In the morning when sober, in the ev'ning when
 mellow,
 He's gone, and han't left behind him his fellow—
 For he govern'd his passions with an absolute sway,
 And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

S O N G.

THE CHOICE SPIRITS.

Tune, Stand round, my brave boys.

SIT round, my brave boys, and assist my bad voice,
As loud to the world I declare,
While a bumper can flow, that we'll ne'er cease to shew
How joyous the choice spirits are, &c.

The foldier must arm at the trumpet's alarm,
For battle he's bid to prepare;
He our foes puts to rout, we the bottle put about,
To shew what choice spirits are, &c.

The bucks the town yields, and the bucks of the fields,
Who are chacing the harlot or hare,
No more risques would pursue, but the bottle keep in
view,
Did they hunt where the choice spirits are, &c.

The prude that pretends, that a man's touch offends,
And to die an old maid will declare;
Did she take a glass of this she would ne'er take amiss,
To try what the choice spirits are, &c.

Ye love-sick poetic, ye poets dramatic,
Ye buskins who tragedy tear,
Leave the paper-wading art, quit each rant and each
start,
And as choice spirits act if you dare, &c.

From the tutor got free, alamode a Paris,
 See the fop with his puff-powder'd hair,
 He'd his looking-glass forsake, if to drinking he'd
 take,
 And come where the choice spirits are, &c.

By no party perplex'd, wit and wine is our text ;
 Love and friendship then form up the square ;
 Neither int'rest old or new, neither gypsy or jew,
 Come under the choice spirits care, &c.

No more I'll rehearse, but I'll here end my verse,
 Tho' it is on a subject so rare ;
 With a bumper before us, we'll sing in full chorus,
 The choicest of spirits we are, &c.

S O N G.

BONNY LASS AND LADDIE.

Sung at Vauxhall.

THE lowland lads think they are fine ;
 But O they're vain and idly gaudy ;
 How much unlike the graceful mien,
 And manly looks of my highland laddie !
 O my bonny highland laddie,
 My handsome, charming highland laddie !
 May heav'n still guard,
 And love reward
 The lowland lass and her highland laddie !

If I were free at will to chuse,
 To be the wealthiest lowland lady,
 I'd take young Donald, in his trews,
 With bonnet blue and belted pladdie.
 O my bonny, &c.

No greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While heav'n preserves my highland laddie.
 O my bonny, &c.

S O N G.

WAY TO KEEP HIM.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore
 That a lover once blest'd is a lover no more,
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
 That Prudence must cherish what Beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
 Your roses and lillies, may make the men sigh;
 But roses and lillies, and sighs pass away,
 And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar—
 Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar;
 How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
 Not handle too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
 Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command;
 Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
 For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind ;
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your
mind,

'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

S O N G.

CLICK CLACK.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in the Fair American.

WHEN Cupid, little fly rogue, blooming fair
and young,
First wounds the lover's heart, how sweet's a woman's
tongue !

We rob the bees of honey if we speak or sing ;
But when the knot is tied, each word has then a sting :
'Tis all click clack whate'er we say,
Both jarring night and noon ;
But ring the changes still each day,
And talk things into tune.

About his cage with joy the nimble squirrel climbs ;
His prison quite forgot, whilst tinkling go the chimes ;
Thus husbands manag'd well, tho' fetter'd to the
ground,

Think, when they shake their chains, there's music
in the sound :

'Tis all click clack whate'er we say,
Both jarring night and noon ;
But ring the changes still each day,
And talk things into tune.

S O N G.

WHEN BRITAIN'S SILVER TRUMPET SOUNDS.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.

THREE lads contended for my heart,
 Each boasted diff'rent charms and grace ;
 Young Hal cou'd sing with taste and art,
 Beau Jemmy sported frogs and lace ;
 Blithe Willy was a soldier brave,
 Who fear'd not scars, or death, or wounds,
 His country or his love to save,
 When Britain's silver trumpet sounds.

Now fear is rous'd by war's alarms,
 And threat'ning foes each hour arise ;
 I scorn young Harry's vocal charms,
 And master Jemmy I despise :
 I love my Willy bold and brave,
 He heeds not scars, or death, or wounds,
 His country or his love to save,
 When Britain's silver trumpet sounds.

In piping times of peace, a beau,
 Dear girls, may idle thoughts employ ;
 But now, while threaten'd by each foe,
 Be wise, and throw away the toy :
 Take my advice—love him that's brave,
 Who fears not scars, or death, or wounds ;
 So may your smiles your country save,
 While Britain's silver trumpet sounds!

S O N G.

JOVIAL COMPANION.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

COME, come my jolly lads ;
 The wind's abaft ;
 Brisk gales our sails shall crowd ;—
 Come, bustle, bustle, bustle, boys,
 Haul the boat ;
 The boatswain pipe's aloud :
 The ship's unmoor'd,
 All hands on board ;
 The rising gale
 Fills ev'ry sail ;
 The ship's well mann'd and stor'd :
 Then sling the flowing bowl—
 Fond hopes arise—
 The girls we prize
 Shall bless each jovial soul :
 The cann, boys, bring—
 We'll drink and sing,
 While foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spanish coast
 We're bound to steer,
 We'll still our rights maintain ;
 Then bear a hand, be steady, boys,
 Soon we'll see
 Old England once again :
 From shore to shore,
 While cannons roar,
 Our tars shall shew
 The haughty foe
 Britannia rules the main.
 Then sling the flowing bowl, &c.

S O N G.

KISS 'EM ROUND SO SWEETLY.

Sung by Mrs. Wilson, in the Castle of Andalusia.

L I K E my dear swain, no youth you'd see,
 So blithe, so gay, so full of glee ;
 In all our village, who but he
 To foot it up so featly ?
 His lute to hear,
 From far and near,
 Each female came,
 Both girl and dame ;
 And all his boon,
 For every tune,
 To kiss 'em round so sweetly.

While round him in the jocund ring,
 We nimbly danc'd, he'd play or sing ;
 Of May the youth was chosen king,
 He caught our ears so neatly.
 Such music rare
 In his guittar !
 But touch his lute,
 The croud was mute :
 His only boon,
 For every tune,
 To kiss 'em round so sweetly.

S O N G.

FEE, FAW, FUM.

Sung by Miss Painter, in Harlequin Teague.

THE Irish giant you shall find,
 Tho' dwarf in form, of ample mind,
 And ever to your wish inclin'd,
 With a fee, faw, fum.

Tho' not a friend to mean intrigue,
 With truth and honour do but league,
 I'll ever stick by honest Teague,
 With a fee, faw, fum.

Then wave your sword—tow'rs Highgate steer,
 And let the English nothing fear,
 Tho' you come an Irish volunteer,
 With a fee, faw, fum.

In London, sport and beauty reign ;
 There Cupid holds a warm campaign,
 And Teague shall join to fill the train,
 With a fee, faw, fum.

There quacks and shewmen boast their art ;
 There fops assail the fair one's heart ;
 But Teague shall better play his part,
 With a fee, faw, fum.

Then wave your sword—tow'rs Highgate steer,
 And let the English nothing fear,
 Tho' you come an Irish volunteer,
 With a fee, faw, fum.

S O N G.

RODNEY FOR EVER.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall.

A G A I N Britannia smile !
Smile at each threat'ning foe !
To save this drooping isle,
See Rodney strikes the blow !
For Rodney quickly will regain
Thy sov'reign empire o'er the main.

Against the treach'rous foes,
And false allies combine ;
But vainly they oppose,
If Rodney still is thine ;
For gallant Rodney will maintain
The British empire o'er the main.

Long may he plough the main !
Long may he victor prove !
Rewards still sure to gain
Of king and people's love :
For gallant Rodney will maintain
The British empire o'er the main.

S O N G.

LOVER OF MY OWN.

Sung by Mrs. Wilson, in the Castle of Andalusia.

I HAVE a lover of my own,
 So kind and true is he ;
 As true I love but him alone,
 And he loves none but me.

I boast not of his velvet down,
 Or cheeks of rosy hue,
 His spicy breath, his ringlets brown—
 I prize the heart that's true.

So to all else I must say nay ;
 They only fret and tease :
 Dear youth, 'tis you alone that may
 Come court me when you please.

I play'd my love a thousand tricks,
 In seeming coy and shy ;
 'Twas only, ere my heart I'd fix,
 I thought his love to try.

So to all else I must say nay ;
 They only fret and tease :
 Dear youth, 'tis you alone that may
 Come court me when you please.

S O N G.

YOU, AND YOU, AND YOU.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

THE jocund spring again is seen,
And music wakes the grove ;
The nymphs and shepherds trip the green,
And all is joy and love.

On this gay spot I come again,
My duty to pursue,
In hopes the friendship to obtain
Of you, and you, and you.

The cheerful pipe, at ev'ning hour,
The jocund throng invites
To tread the lawn, or range the bow'r
Where music's pow'r delights.

With song to please each nymph and swain,
Is still my only view,
That I the friendship might obtain
Of you, and you, and you.

Nature kindly has endued
With melody my voice ;
Encouragement has oft ensu'd,
By making me your choice.

On this gay spot long may I reign,
My duty to pursue !
And, ah! the friendship still maintain
Of you, and you, and you !

S O N G.

THE OATH.

Sung by Mr. Wilson,

*In the Character of the Landlord of the Horns at Highgate,
in Harlequin Teague.*

SILENCE ! take notice you're my son—
Full on your father look, Sir ;
This is an oath you may take as you run,
So lay your hand on the horn-book, Sir.
Hornaby, thornaby, Highgate and Horns.
Chorus, Hornaby, &c.

Spend not with cheaters or coz'ners your life,
Nor waste it on profligate beauty ;
And when you are married be kind to your wife,
And true to all petticoat-duty.
Dutiful, beautiful, kind to your wife,
And true from the cap to the shoe-tie.
Chorus, Dutiful, &c.

To drink to a man when a woman is near,
You never should hold to be right, Sir ;
Nor, unless 'tis your taste, to drink small for strong
beer,
Or eat brown bread when you can get white, Sir.
Mannikin, cannikin, good meat and drink,
Are pleasant at morn, noon, or night, Sir.
Chorus, Mannikin, &c.

To kifs with the maid, when the mistress is kind,
 A gentleman ought to be loth, Sir ;
 But if the maid's fairest, your oath does not bind ;
 Or you may, if you like it, kifs both, Sir.
 Kifs away, both you may sweetly smack night and day ;
 If you like it, you're bound by your oath, Sir.
Chorus, Kifs away, &c.

When you travel to Highgate take this oath again,
 And again, like a sound man, and true, Sir ;
 And if you have with you some more merry men,
 Be sure you make them take it too, Sir.
 Bless you, son ; get you gone ; frolic and fun ;
 Old England, and honest true blue, Sir !
Chorus, Bless you, son, &c.

S O N G.

IT WAS A PITY.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Strephon, pride of yonder plain,
 Long strove my fickle heart to gain,
 With many an am'rous ditty ;
 I, smiling, heard the love-sick swain,
 With sigh and song express his pain,
 And told him 'twas a pity.

K

With hopes to please, last Whitsun fair
 He bought me ribbons for my hair,
 With other presents pretty;
 Then, smiling, sued the same I'd wear,
 To ease his anxious heart from care:
 I said, 'twould be a pity.

Next morning early on the green,
 With Kitty toying he was seen;
 He call'd her fair and witty:
 I smil'd, tho' fit to burst with spleen,
 To see him kiss the little queen,
 And cried, it was a pity.

The cunning swain the conflict ey'd,
 And kindly gazing while I sigh'd,
 Forsook the hand of Kitty;
 Then, smiling, beg'd I'd be his bride:
 I answer'd, yes, or sure he'd died,
 And that had been a pity.

S O N G.

FAL DE RAL TIT.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Harlequin Teague.

'T WAS I learn'd a pretty song in France,
 And I brought it o'er the sea by chance;
 And when in Wapping I did dance,
 O the like was never seen;
 For I made the music loud for to play,
 All for to pass the dull hours away;
 And when I had nothing left to say
 Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

As I was walking down Thames' street
A ship-mate of mine I chanc'd for to meet,
And I was resolv'd him for to treat

With a cann of grog, gillio !
A cann of grog they brought us straight,
All for to pleasure my ship-mate,
And satisfaction gave him straight ;
Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

The macaronies next came in,
All dress'd so neat, and look'd so trim,
And thinking for to strike me dumb—
Some were short and some were tall ;
But 'tis very well known that I lick'd them all,
For I dous'd their heads against the wall,
Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

The landlord then aloud did say
As how he wish'd I would go away,
And if I 'tempted for to stay
As how he'd take the law :
Lord d— me, says I, you may do your worst,
For I've not scarcely quench'd my thirst ;
All this I said, and nothing worse ;
Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

It's when I have cross'd the raging main,
And be come back to Old England again,
Of grog I'll drink galore ;
With a pretty girl to sit by my side,
And for her costly robes I'll provide,
So that she shall be quite satisfied,
Then I'll sing fal de ral tit, &c.

S O N G.

THE BOLD ROBBER.

Sung by Mr. Quick, in the Castle of Andalusia.

IN the forest here hard by
A bold robber late was I;
Sword and blunderbuis in hand
When I bid a trav'ler stand:
Zounds! deliver up your cash,
Or strait I'll pop and flash—
All amongst the leaves so green O.

Damme, Sir,
If you stir;
Sluice your veins!
Blow your brains!
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry derry down—
All amongst the leaves so green O.

Soon I'll quit the roving trade,
When a gentleman I'm made;
Then so spruce and debonaire—
Gad, I'll court a lady fair:
How I'll prattle, tattle, chat!
How I'll kiss her, and all that—
All amongst the leaves so green O!

How dy'e do?
How are you?
Why so coy?
Let us toy:
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry derry down—
All amongst the leaves so green O.

But ere old and grey my pate,
 I'll scrape up a snug estate ;
 With my nimbleness of thumbs
 I'll soon butter all my crumbs :
 When I'm justice of the peace,
 Then I'll master many a lease—
 All amongst the leaves so green O :
 Wig profound,
 Belly round,
 Sit at ease,
 Snatch the fees ;
 Hey down,
 Ho down,
 Derry derry down—
 All among the leaves so green O.

S O N G.

THE SMILES OF MY JAMIE.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Cupid is with me wherever I go—
 He plagues me, and teazes, and vexes me so—
 To shun the young urchin I fly to the grove,
 But soon at my elbow I find little Love :
 I meet with young Strephon, the pride of the plain ;
 His smiles for a moment can banish all pain ;
 Then Cupid, to tease me, is sure to repeat—
 The smiles of your Jamie are ten times more sweet.

T'other day, when reclining in Strephon's gay bow'r,
And charm'd with the fragrance of each blooming
flow'r ;

The vi'let, the lilly, the sweetest that blows,
He had twin'd with young myrtle, the woodbine,
and rose ;

I forgot the young tyrant, and own'd to the swain,
That this fragrant spot was the pride of the plain ;
But Cupid stept forward, and cried—'tis a cheat,
The breath of your Jamie is ten times more sweet.

Quite angry, at last, I cried—Let me alone ;
I have sense, and have ears, and I've eyes of my own ;
Your blindness and folly will lead me astray,
While Prudence to Strephon's gay bow'r leads the way.
Provok'd by my answer, he presently flew,
And brought my dear Jamie quite full in my view ;
Instructed by love, he knelt down at my feet,
And the vows of my Jamie are true as they're sweet.

Now Strephon, in vain, may exert all his pow'r ;
With Jamie, contented, I'll shun the gay bow'r ;
In a cottage more humble contented to dwell ;
With him I am happy, tho' humble my cell.
To revenge me on Cupid for all my past pain,
I'll bind the young rogue in a sweet rosy chain ;
I'll cut off his wings, and tie lead to his feet,
For with love and my Jamie my joys are complete.

S O N G.

OLD ENGLAND.

Sung by Mr. Webb, at Ranelagh.

HAIL England! old England, for glory renown'd!
 In arms, as in arts, so transcendently crown'd!
 'Tis thine, strict to honour, no treaties to break;
 'Tis thine to revenge when that honour's at stake:
 Then rise, O ye brave! draw the sword, point the lance,
 And bid the bold cannon roll thunder to France.

Hark! Truth speaks already, our heroes prevail;
 The rous'd English lion makes Gallia turn pale!
 Thy cunning, O France! its own fate will decree!
 Success now dawns on us by land and by sea;
 And wide o'er the main shall the British flag fly,
 To force that submission which pride would deny.

Britannia rejoices your ardour to see—
 My sons, fight, she cries, 'tis for freedom and me:
 Tho' Gallia's ambition alliance explore,
 You'll conquer them now whom you've conquer'd
 before.

And Triumph these truths to all nations shall sing,
 The ocean is George's, and George is our king.

S O N G.

GIDDY FLIRTATION.

Sung by Sig. Sestini, in the Castle of Andalusia.

NEW graces,
 The thoughts of a lover
 Invited, expected, and sigh'd for occasion :
 Sweet faces
 Fresh sweetness discover ;
 Our eyes then are diamonds, our cheeks are carnation ;
 Those eyes glances stealing,
 Fond blushes revealing,
 Sage prudence concealing
 The wish of our hearts :
 But when once we gain him,
 In love's link we chain him ;
 Now pleasing,
 Now teasing,
 In giddy flirtation.

S O N G.

WHEN FIRST THE EAST BEGINS TO DAWN.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall.

WHEN first the east begins to dawn,
 And Nature's beauties rise,
 The lark assumes her mattins sweet,
 And seeks the yielding skies.
 The rosy light that glads the muse,
 Dear to her breast must be ;
 But not so dear, young Cupid knows,
 As Damon is to me.

In yonder tree two turtles bill,
 Whose sweet alternate notes
 In pretty songs of love prolong
 The music of their throats:
 Dear to the lover's flutt'ring breast
 The fair ones notes must be ;
 But not so dear, the thousandth part,
 As Damon is to me.

A mourning bird, in plaintive mood,
 Robb'd of her callow young,
 In yonder grove observ'd her nest,
 And still her woes she sung :
 No feather'd warbler of the wood
 More sorrowful could be ;
 But I far greater woes must share,
 Were Damon torn from me.

S O N G.

THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

SINCE the fate of Gibraltar attracts the whole world,
While the vengeance of France and Spain 'gainst it
it is hurl'd ;

Tho' their armies and navies together combine,
Yet the conduct of Elliot frustrates each design :
Then let us in full chorus our voices raise high,
And toast the bold hero till we rend the sky ;
His officers too, and his soldiers so brave,
Who boldly endeavour that fortress to save.

Tho' the nobles of France and the grandees of Spain
Attend on the spot, martial honour to gain ;
Tho' their bombs and their batt'ries, expensive and
large,
In whirlwinds of thunder they daily discharge.
Yet let us, &c.

Brave Elliot has fallied, and made the Dons fly ;
A mine he has sprung, and each carcass thrown high ;
In vain are their arts, while his courage survives
In those who love glory much more than their lives.
Then let us, &c.

May speedy relief at Gibraltar arrive,
And our treacherous foes of possession deprive !
Then the laurel of vict'ry we'll instantly place
Round the temples of those who such danger embrace ;
And all in full chorus our voices raise high,
To toast the brave Elliot till we rend the sky ;
His officers too, and his soldiers so brave,
Who boldly determin'd that fortress to save.

S O N G.

HE'LL STAY A GREAT WHILE.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

BLITHE Colin, a pretty young swain,
To court me came many a mile;
I bid him return back again,
Tho' I wish'd him to stay a great while.

With all by which love is exprest,
He studies my heart to beguile;
I wish him success I protest,
Tho' I tell him he'll wait a great while.

He brought me this nosegay so sweet,
And thought it more pleasure than toil;
I took it, reserv'd and discreet,
But I'll not let him wait a great while.

He beg'd me to grant him a kiss,
So earnest, he made me quite smile—
Have done!—I cried,—fie! 'tis amiss;
Tho' I wish'd it to last a great while.

He tells me I ought to be kind;
That time all my beauties will spoil;
I cross him, tho' quite of his mind,
For I love he should talk a great while.

I fancy, by what he has said,
My husband he'll be by his side;
And when he once asks me to wed,
Oh! I'll not let him wait a great while.

S O N G.

SOLDIER FOR A LADY.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Castle of Andalusia.

A SOLDIER I am for a lady :—
 What beau was e're arm'd compleater ?
 When face to face,
 Her chamber the place,
 I'm able and willing to meet her.
 Gad's curse ! my dear lasses, I'm ready
 To give ye all satisfaction ;
 I'm the man,
 For the crack of your fan,
 Tho' I die at your feet in the action.
 Your bobbins may beat up a row dow dow,
 Your lap-dog may out with his bow wow wow ;
 The challenge is love,
 I take up the glove,
 Tho' I die at your feet in the action.

S O N G.

DO IF YOU DARE.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

A S Jockey sat down by Jenny one day,
 Beneath a tall fycamore shade,
 The lav'rocks were finging, all nature was gay,
 While fondly he gaz'd on the maid.

The glance of her eye soon kindled a flame—
 He found his heart caught in a snare ;
 And said, should I love, would you think me to blame?
 Ah ! do, she cried ; do if you dare.

You cannot be angry, dear Jenny, I'm sure,
 For Nature has form'd you complete :—
 She affected to frown, look prim and demure,
 Till Jockey fell down at her feet.

Young Cupid, he cried, with his whimsical dart,
 Has shot me quite through, I declare ;
 You'll still be unkind, tho' I offer'd my hand,
 Aye, do, she cried, do if you dare.

Then leaving the ground, he resumed his feat,
 And pull'd the fair maid on his knee—
 Poor Jenny was soften'd, and felt her heart beat,
 And struggled to get herself free.

No no, cried the youth, your consent I must have,
 The parson to make us a pair ;
 In the church I will meet you to-morrow, dear Jane ;
 She archly cried, do if you dare.

S O N G.

FOR I'M TO MEET MY COLIN THERE.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

TO the woods I love to go,
 When the leaves are green, and the meadows
 smile,
 When the hawthorns bud and blow,
 And the spring doth the wintry care beguile ;
 While birds are melodiously finging,
 The gold-spotted cowslips are springing ;
 How fresh the flow'rs ! the fields how fair !
 For I'm to meet my Colin there.

To the wake I love to go,
 When autumnal flow'ret's my ringlets deck ;
 When the ribbons loosely flow,
 And wavingly wanton adown my neck :
 As I trip it o'er the field and furrow,
 My heart is a stranger to sorrow ;
 For be it wake, or feast, or fair,
 I'm sure to meet my Colin there.

At e'en I love to go,
 When the jocund lads and lasses are seen,
 With a skip and a bound like the roe,
 Pursuing their sports on the laughing green :
 While they run the quick, changeable measure,
 I feel my heart panting with pleasure ;
 The dance I join, the pastime share,
 For still I meet my Colin there.

To the church I long to go,
 Where the merry men and maidens gay,
 All in dresses white as snow,
 And blithe as the spring in the month of May :
 My friends and companions with poses,
 With garlands, and favours, and roses,
 Shall strew the ground, and braid my hair,
 For I'm to meet my Colin there.

S O N G.

MY TREASURE LOST.

Sung in the Quaker.

I LOCK'D up all my treasure,
 I journey'd many a mile,
 And by my grief did measure
 The passing time the while.

My bus'ness done and over,
 I hasten'd back amain,
 Like an expecting lover,
 To view it once again.

But this delight was stilled
 As it began to dawn—
 I found the casket rifled,
 And all my treasure gone !

S O N G.

THE CHARMING FELLOW.

Sung by Mrs. Wells, in the Agreeable Surprise.

LORD, what care I for mam or dad?
 Why let 'em scold and bellow:
 For while I live I'll love my lad,
 He's such a charming fellow.

The last fair-day, on yonder green,
 The youth he danc'd so well O;
 So spruce a lad was never seen,
 As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was over—night was come—
 The lad was somewhat mellow;
 Says he, my dear, I'll see you home;
 I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along—the moon shone bright—
 Says he, my sweetest Nello,
 I'll kiss you here by this good light:
 Lord, what a charming fellow!

You rogue, says I, you've stop'd my breath;
 Ye bells, ring out my knello:
 Again I'd die so sweet a death
 With such a charming fellow.

S O N G.

A SOLDIER, A SOLDIER FOR ME.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in the Best Bidder.

A SOLDIER, a foldier, a foldier for me ;
 His arms are so bright,
 And he stands so upright ;
 So gallant and gay,
 When he trips it away ;
 Who is so nice and well-powder'd as he ?
 Sing rub a dub, dub a dub, whe, whe, whe, fe, fe, fe ;
 Thunder, and plunder ! a foldier, a foldier, a foldier
 for me.

Each morn when you see him upon the parade,
 He cuts such a flash,
 With his gorget and fash ;
 And makes such ado,
 With his gaiters and queue—
 Sleeping or waking, who need be afraid ?
 Sing rub a dub, &c. &c. &c.

Or else, when he's mounted so trim and so tall,
 With broad sword in hand,
 The whole town to command ;
 Such capers ! such prances !
 Such ogling ! such glances !
 Our hearts gallop off, and are left at Whitehall.
 Sing tara, tantara, tan, too, too, too, too, too, too ;
 Trumpet, and thump it—a foldier, a foldier, a foldier
 for me.

S O N G.

WHEN YANKO DEAR.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Islanders.

WHEN Yanko dear fight far away,
 Some token kind me send,
 One branch of olive, for dat say
 Me wish de battle end.
 The poplar tremble while him go
 Say, of dy life take care ;
 Me send no laurel, for me know
 Of dat he find him share.

De ivy say, my heart be true ;
 Me droop, say willow tree ;
 De torn, he say me sick for you ;
 De sun-flow'r tink of me :
 Till last, we go weep with de pine,
 For fear poor Yanko dead :
 He come, and I de myrtle twine,
 In chaplet far him head.

S O N G.

THE WISH.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

FEW days have elaps'd since I happen'd to be
Where a group of odd creatures assembled at tea,
And as 'tis the custom in tea-table chat,
Some talk'd about this thing, and some about that :
I listen'd to all their discourse with attention,
And what pleas'd me most with your leave I shall
mention—

The first was a beau, who his coffee was tasting,
And wish'd from his soul that the peace might be
lasting,
And wish'd from his soul, &c.

Aye, heaven forbid we'll have wars any more,
Says a lady just come from Iberia's shore,
For peace brings us plenty—(stand further to Teddy)
Why sugar's a monstrous deal cheaper already :
Fig's end of the sugar ! cried little Miss Pen,
The worst of the war is, it kills such fine men ;
I wish I was queen, and I know what I know,
The handsome and young ne'er to battle should go.

A nymph turn'd of sixty began then to speak,
(The bloom of fair Hebe had long left her cheek)
I'm sorry to see it, but really, Miss Jealous,
You seem much too forward and fond of the fellows ;
For my part I wish'd them all sous'd in the sea—
Not one of them's good, for not one would have me ;
And as for the red-coats, there's none worth a groat—
I said not a word, but you know what I thought.

Nay Miss, quoth a person as plump as myself,
 You talk against men 'cause you're laid on the shelf;
 But young folks like me, give me leave me'em to say,
 Have no cause to wish the dear creatures away;
 While over their hearts we've such perfect dominion—
 Do pray, Mrs. What's-your-name, give your opinion:
 I bow'd and retir'd, for what else could I do—
 I have but one wish, and that is, to please you.

S O N G.

THE CHARMING CREATURE.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

AS t'other day, in harmless chat,
 With Sylvia I was walking,
 Admiring this, admiring that,
 Together sweetly talking;
 Young Damon met me in the grove,
 With joy in ev'ry feature;
 He press'd my hand, then whisper'd love—
 O what a charming creature!

His passion oft times he express'd
 In words so soft and kind;
 I felt a something in my breast,
 But doubts were in my mind.
 I told him he with Dol was seen,
 And sure he came to meet her;
 He vow'd I was his only queen—
 O what a charming creature!

To yonder church then shall we go—

He press'd me to comply—

(How can the men thus tease me so!)

I tried from him to fly :

And will my Delia name the day,

Let Damon kindly greet her ?

Thus closely prest, what could I say

To such a charming creature ?

S O N G.

ON NUPTIAL LOVE.

HERE attend, all ye swains,
And ye nymphs of the plains,
Quit your flocks and your herds for awhile ;
Hither quickly repair,
In our mirth a part share,
And each lass her love meet with a smile.

Hark ! the drum Hymen beats ;
Hark ! how echo repeats
The sweet sound, as it flies swift away ;
O'er hills and o'er dales,
Ev'ry ear it assails,
And mocks their too-long, tedious delay.

O how happy is he
That contented can be,
To enjoy the best treasure of life !
All he'd wish e'er to gain
He'll be sure to obtain,
In a prudent and sensible wife.

Should the rover pretend
 These joys will soon end,
 And that love will expire with the moon ;
 Mark how pain and disease
 The lew'd libertine seize
 Ere he reaches the height of life's noon.

But how wretched indeed
 He whom fate has decreed
 From the arms of his fair one to part !
 All endeavours are vain
 To assuage the sharp pain
 Which is felt in a love-troubled heart.

Though life's busy scene
 May oft help to serene,
 And disperse the dark clouds of despair ;
 Yet when night's silent noon
 Helps to add to its gloom,
 Who can say what the mind suffers there ?

Haste this day to employ,
 Thus devoted to joy,
 And with innocent mirth let's abound ;
 Thus in chorus we'll sing,
 While the forest shall ring
 With the burthen of music's soft sound.

May all present attain
 A life free from pain !
 Ever strangers to discord or strife !
 May the single soon find,
 In the maiden that's kind,
 The joys of an amiable wife !

S O N G.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

Sung by Mr. Kennedy and Mrs. Martyr, in Rosina.

WILLIAM.

I'VE kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids,
And chang'd them as oft d'ye see ;
But of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,
The maid of the mill for me.

PHOEBE.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
And call'd me the fairest she ;
But of all the gay youths that sport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.

WILLIAM.

Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,
Her face like the blossoms in May,
Her teeth are as white as the new-thorn flock,
Her breath like the new-made hay.

PHOEBE.

He's tall and he's straight as the poplar tree,
His cheeks are as fresh as a rose ;
He looks like a squire of high degree
When drest in his Sunday's clothes.

S O N G.

SHANNON'S FLOW'RY BANKS.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall.

IN summer, when the leaves were green, and blossoms deck'd each tree,
Young Teddy then declar'd his love, his artless love
to me ;

On Shannon's flow'ry banks we sat, and there he told
his tale—

O Patty ! softest of thy sex ! O let fond love prevail !
Ah well-a-day, you see me pine in sorrow and despair,
Yet heed me not, then let me die, and end my grief
and care :—

Ah no, dear youth, I softly said, such love demands
my thanks,

And here I vow eternal truth, on Shannon's flow'ry
banks.

And here we vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry
banks,

And then we gather'd sweetest flow'rs, and play'd
such artless pranks ;

But woe is me ! the press-gang came, and forc'd my
Ned away,

Just when we nam'd next morning fair to be our
wedding-day.

My love, he cried, they force me hence, but still my
heart is thine ;—

All peace be your's, my gentle Pat, while war and
toil is mine :

With riches I'll return to thee—I sobb'd out words
of thanks—

And then he vow'd eternal truth, on Shannon's
flow'ry banks.

And then he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's
 flow'ry banks,
 And then I saw him sail away, and join the hostile
 ranks ;
 From morn to eve, for twelve dull months, his ab-
 sence sad I mourn'd—
 The peace was made—the ship came back—but
 Teddy ne'er return'd !
 His beauteous face, his manly form, has won a no-
 bler fair—
 My Teddy's false, and I forlorn, must die in sad
 despair.
 Ye gentle maidens see me laid, while you stand round
 in ranks,
 And plant a willow o'er my head, on Shannon's
 flow'ry banks.

S O N G.

SPRING. A PASTORAL.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall.

NOW spring, crown'd with primroses gay,
 Strews verdure and fragrance around,
 The shepherds with songs wake the day,
 And echo repeats the sweet sound.

Yet mournful o'er meadow or grove,
 I wander my grief to deplore ;
 My Colin is false, yet I love ;
 He is fickle, yet still I adore.

When he left me he call'd me his dear,
 And promised with spring to return ;
 Then fondly he kiss'd off the tear
 That told him my heart was his own.

Yet mournful o'er meadow or grove,
 He leaves me my loss to deplore :
 Young Colin is false, yet I love ;
 He is fickle, yet still I adore.

When this fond beating heart is at rest,
 Ye virgins no flow'rets prepare,
 But lay a cold sod o'er my breast,
 And the sad weeping willow plant there.

Engrave where with Colin I lov'd,
 On the spot where his loss I deplor'd,
 That Colin was false, yet I lov'd ;
 He was fickle, yet still I ador'd.

S O N G.

SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Positive Man.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear ;
 When forc'd from her to go,
 Adown her cheeks rain'd many a tear—
 My heart was fraught with woe.

Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we flood,
 The land we left behind—
 Her tears then swell'd the briny flood—
 My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plow'd the deep, and now between
 Us lay the ocean wide ;
 For five long years I had not seen
 My sweet, my bonny bride.

That time I sail'd the world around,
 All for my true love's sake ;
 But press'd as we were homeward bound—
 I thought my heart would break.

The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain
 To let me once on shore—
 I long'd to see my Poll again,
 But saw my Poll no more.

And have they torn my love away ?
 And is he gone ? she cried :
 My Polly, sweetest flow'r of May—
 She languish'd, droop'd, and died.

S O N G.

THE SAILOR'S SONG.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall.

THE top sails shiver in the wind,
 The ship she calls to sea,
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
 Are, Mary, moor'd with thee :
 For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
 Still love shall be his guiding star.

Should landsmen flatter when we're sail'd,
 O doubt their artful tales ;
 No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
 If love breath'd constant gales :
 Thou art the compass of my soul,
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in ev'ry port we meet,
 More fell than rocks or waves ;
 But such as grace the British fleet
 Are lovers, and not slaves.
 No foes our courage shall subdue,
 Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are the cares—but if you're kind
 We'll scorn the dashing main,
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
 The pow'r of France and Spain.
 Now England's glory rests with you—
 Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu !

S O N G.

THE BEEF-STEAKS OF OLD ENGLAND.

WHILE others swell high in full numbers divine,
 Or servilely cringe for the alms of the nine,
 Let beef-steaks inspire me, and flavour each line.

O the beef-steaks of old England !
 And it's O the old English beef-steaks !

Tho' bards of roast beef have oft sung it is true,
 Yet the subject remains still eternally new ;
 Then why should not beef-steaks receive honour due ?

O the beef-steaks, &c.

Great Jupiter's self (as 'tis fabled) the chief,
 Ran off with Europa, and I O—in brief,
 His highness could relish a rump-steak of beef.

O the beef-steaks, &c.

But leaving each tale which of falshood partakes,
 Let's sing our own heroes, the friends of beef-steaks,
 And cook up, my masters, a song for their fakes.

O the beef-steaks, &c.

There's Rodney and Hood, brave Curtis, and Hughes,
 Howe, Parker, and Pigot, all British true blues,
 Cry, beef-steaks for ever, but d—n your French stews.

O the beef-steaks, &c.

In defence of Old Gib, against forces combin'd,
 A land-mark of glory unequall'd you'll find,
 The gallant old Elliot, that Mars of mankind.

O the beef-steaks, &c.

For while he was broiling among his brave ranks,
 A pack of flesh-cooks wou'd be playing their pranks,
 But his piping-hot balls fore pepper'd their flanks.

O the beef-steaks, &c.

All the fat in the fire, and the Dons in a fright,
 Now their stomachs are turn'd, without courage to
 fight,
 Since Elliot's hot cockles have sicken'd 'em quite.

O the beef-steaks, &c.

While Britons are free, and beef-steaks are their
 cheer,
 King George their protector, what have they to fear
 From the Dutch, the proud Don, and soup-meagre
 Monseigneur?

O the beef-steaks, &c.

S O N G.

THE HANDSOME LAD.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

WHEN lavrocks sweet, and yellow broom
 Perfumes the banks of Tweed,
 Blithe Nancy boasts a sweeter bloom—
 Her charms all charms exceed.
 Gang o'er the merry fields of hay,
 Cried lovesick Jockey, wi a sigh,
 And wha sa fast, sa young and gay,
 Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny?

In Sandy's cheek the white and red,
 Like rose and lilly join'd—
 For him each lass hung her head,
 For her each laddie pin'd.
 Gang o'er the merry fields of hay
 Wi me, my dearest lass, he'd cry ;
 And wha sa fast, sa young and gay,
 Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny?

He gang'd o'er fields and broomy land,
 Till mither gan to chide,
 Then Sandy prefs'd her lilly hand,
 And ask'd her for his bride :
 Then o'er the merry fields of hay,
 Said she, my dearest lad, we'll hie ;
 For wha sa fast, sa young and gay,
 Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny?

S O N G.

HUNTING SONG.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall.

WHEN join'd in the chace, fly Reynard in view,
 On high-mettled courfers, with haste we pursue,
 And follow the foe thro' the glade ;
 Away to the vale he scours it full speed,
 Then darts thro' the hedge, the dogs to mislead,
 Awhile he lies close in the shade ;
 The covert he breaks,
 Then down the lane takes,
 And drooping his brush drags along ;
 Till panting he stops—
 Surrounded he drops,
 A prey to the fleet-footed throng.

At length the chace is o'er, the horns jocund sound,
 To invite those thrown out, floats echoes around ;
 They hear the glad call and obey.
 From the death to the flask we high to regale—
 Diana we toast in full bumpers of ale,
 And merrily finish the day :
 Brisk liquor we quaff,
 We sing, joke, and laugh ;
 Good humour adorns ev'ry face :
 We jolly boys are
 Sworn strangers to care,
 Who delight in the joys of the chace.

S O N G.

MY LIFE AWAY.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall.

WHEN, by the gently gliding stream,
 On banks where budding violets spring,
 I see my Delia's beauties beam,
 I hear my lovely Delia sing ;
 When lips combine,
 When arms entwine,
 When fond caresses, am'rous kisses,
 Yield the height of human blisses,
 In extacy I sing and say,
 Thus let me love my life away !

Whene'er the jocund bowl we pass,
 And merry song and tale go round ;
 When wine is sparkling in the glass,
 And joke and sprightly wit abound ;
 With catch and glee,
 Good humour free ;
 While thus we find our joys increas'ing,
 Laughter roars, with mirth increas'ing,
 In extacy I pant and say,
 Thus let me laugh my life away !

O lovely woman ! gen'rous wine !
 These potent pleasures let me quaff !
 Thy rapt'rous wit—O make them mine !
 O let me love, and drink, and laugh !
 Each rising thought
 With music fraught,
 Where all is pleasure, nothing wanting,
 All harmonious, all enchanting ;
 In extacy I pant and say,
 Thus let me sing my life away !

S O N G.

THE BACCHANALIAN SONG.

Sung by Mr. King, at Ranelagh.

YOU bid me, my jovial companions forsake,
 The joys of a rural recess to partake ;
 With you, my good friend, I'll retreat to the vine,
 Its shelter be your's, but its nectar be mine ;
 For each 'twill a separate pleasure produce—
 You cool in its shade, whilst I glow with its juice,
 And own no delight with his rapture can vie,
 Who always is drinking, yet always is dry.

The lover may talk of his flames and his darts,
 His judgment of eyes, and his conquest of hearts :
 May smile with the wanton, and sport with the gay,
 Enjoy where he can, and desert where he may ;
 Yet the warmest adherents of love must deplore
 That its favours, when tasted, are favours no more ;
 Then how can such joys with his extacy vie,
 Who always is drinking, yet always is dry ?

Ambition, they tell me, has charms for us all ;
 But well I'm convinc'd they're charms that must pall :
 The pageant of splendor may lure for a while,
 But soon we grow sick of its weight and its toil ;
 Nor can it with us be compar'd, my brave boy,
 Whose appetites strengthen the more we enjoy :
 Then deign, ye kind pow'rs, with this wish to comply,
 May I always be drinking, yet always be dry !

S O N G.

THE GIRDLE. A CANTATA.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

TO try her shepherd, once a fair one plac'd
 A favourite girdle round her slender waist ;
 This girdle now shall part me into two,
 Gay Phillis cries, and either half's for you ;
 Make then your choice, and take which share you like,
 As passion or as sentiment shall strike :—
 The artful Strephon soon his silence broke,
 Look'd at the nymph, and thus his rapture spoke :

AIR.

Then give those looks that speak and tell
 The harmless breast and heart sincere,
 Where honour, truth, and virtue dwell,
 And what can life itself endear ;
 That wit and wisdom still be mine—
 The flowing tongue, the temper free—
 Below the girdle I resign—
 The upper-half, dear girl, for me.

RECITATIVE.

Our nymph the shepherd's arguments approv'd—
 Strephon for this by Phillis must be lov'd ;
 Her thought she thus express'd in accents sweet,
 And dropp'd the while the girdle at her feet.

AIR.

Since you have so well decided,
 And such judgment now have shewn,
 By the girdle undivided,
 See a charm—I'm all your own.
 Greater is the shepherd's pleasure
 Who both mind and body gains ;
 You who choose the soul's best treasure,
 Take my person for your pains.

S O N G.

'T WAS YES, KIND SIR.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

THE ruddy morn blink'd o'er the brae,
 As blithe I gang'd to milk my kine,
 When near the winding bourn of Tay,
 Wi bonny gait, and twa black een,
 A highland lad fae kind me tent,
 Saying, sonfy lafs, how's a wi you ?
 Shall I your pail tak o'er the bent ?
 'Twas yes, kind Sir, and I thank you too.

Again he met me i the e'en,
 As I was linkan o'er the lee
 To join the dance upon the green,
 And said, blithe lass, I'se gang wi thee—
 Sae braw he look'd i th' highland gear,
 His tartan plaid, and bonnet blue,
 My heart straight whisper'd in my ear,
 Say yes, kind Sir, and I thank you too.

We danc'd until the gleaming moon
 Gave notice that 'twas time to part ;
 I thought the reel was o'er too soon,
 For ah ! the lad had stawn my heart.
 He saw me hame across the plain,
 Then kifs'd fae sweet—I vow 'tis true—
 That when he ask'd to kifs again,
 'Twas yes, kind Sir, and I thank you too.

Grown bauld, he press'd to stay the night,
 Then grip'd me close unto his breast—
 Howt lad ! my mither fair wou'd flyte,
 Gin that I grant wi'out the priest :
 Gang first fore him, gif ye be leel,
 I ken right what I then maun do ;
 For ask to kifs me when you will,
 'Twill be, yes, love, and I thank you too.

S O N G.

ALL ARE TUN'D TO LOVE.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall.

HOW lovely shines the rising morn,
 Bedeck'd with rich array !
 Whilst sparkling dew-drops from the thorn,
 Hangs glitt'ring on the spray :
 The birds enliv'ning carols sing,
 In ev'ry field and grove ;
 Their notes all hail the welcome spring,
 And all are tun'd to love.

Then come, my Damon, haste away,
 For thee bloom ev'ry flow'r ;
 O come, my love, while cheerful May
 Bedecks my humble bow'r.

The birds, &c.

Here sweetest woodbine form a shade,
 Wild daisies deck the ground ;
 A sweet retreat by Nature made,
 And all is peace around.

The birds, &c.

S O N G.

SHE HAD NOT TIME..

Sung by Mr. King, at Ranelagh.

O N Thames' fair bank a gentle youth
 For Lucy sigh'd with matchless truth,
 Ev'n when he sigh'd in rhyme ;
 The lovely maid his flame return'd,
 And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
 But that she had not time.

Oft he repair'd, with eager feet,
 In secret shades his fair to meet,
 Beneath th' accustom'd lyme ;
 Sometimes the maid would meet him there ;
 But when he beg'd she'd ease his care,
 She said she had not time.

It was not thus, inconstant maid,
 You acted once, the shepherd said,
 When love was in its prime ;
 She griev'd to hear him thus complain,
 And wish'd she could have eas'd his pain,
 But still she had not time.

Then pointing to the church, he cried,
 This day I'll make young Jane my bride,
 Since you think love a crime ;
 No no, she said, my gentle youth,
 I've tried your faith and constant truth,
 And now for love have time.

S O N G.

THE BRITISH TAR.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall.

SONS of ocean, fam'd in story,
Wont to wear the laurel'd brow,
Listen to your rising glory,

Growing honours wait you now ;
Think not servile adulation

Meanly marks my grateful song,
All the praises of the nation.

Giv'n to you, to you belong :
And rival kingdoms send from far
Their plaudits to the British tar.

'Tis not now your valiant daring—

Courage you've for ages shewn ;

'Tis not now your mild forbearing—

Pity war was all your own ;

'Tis your Prince, so lov'd, so pleasing,

Spreads your fame thro' distant lands,

And the trident nobly seizing,

Grasps it in his youthful hands ;

Proud to boast, in peace or war,

The virtues of the British tar.

When the times were big with danger,

See your royal shipmate go,

And to ev'ry fear a stranger,

Brave the fury of the foe :

Now when smiling peace rejoices,

Greet him with a sailor's arts ;

Cheer his presence with your voices,

Pay his service with your hearts ;

And be henceforth your leading star,

The gallant, royal, British tar.

S O N G.

THE SILVER-TON'D TRUMPET.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall.

WHEN rous'd by the trumpet's loud clangor to
 arms,
 Reluctant I quitted Eliza's bright charms ;
 Tho' honour commanded, yet love fill'd my mind ;
 Ah! how could I leave the dear charmer behind !
 Yet the rage of the battle with courage I tried,
 Surviv'd while the heroes fell fast on each side ;
 Love stood my protector in all the alarms,
 While the silver-ton'd trumpet still sounded to arms.

Now olive-rob'd peace kind advances again,
 And her blessings dispenses wide over the plain ;
 Return'd to Eliza, we join'd in the throng,
 Where is heard the soft pipe, or the heart-lifting song ;
 Each rural amusement with rapture we try,
 While the beams of contentment are form'd in each eye:
 Love stood my protector in all the alarms,
 While the silver-ton'd trumpet still sounded to arms.

What mortal like me so transcendantly blest,
 When clasp'd by the charmer with joy to her breast !
 The laurel of conquest I give to the wind—
 'Tis nought without love and honour combin'd ;
 But when thus united, how noble the name !
 That envy must wait on so happy a fame :
 Love stood my protector in all the alarms,
 While the silver-ton'd trumpet still sounded to arms.

S O N G.

THE LOSS OF SANDY.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

WILL you go to the ewe brights, Marion,
 And wear in the sheep wi me ;
 The mavis sings sweetly, my Marion,
 But hae sa sweetly as thee :—
 These aft were the words of my Sandy,
 At night in the how of the glen ;
 But nae mair shall I meet wi my Sandy,
 For Sandy to India is gane.

How can the trumpet's loud clarion
 Thus fend a the shepherds afar !
 O cud na the ewe brights and Marion
 Please mair than the honours of war !
 But oh 'tis the gait of them a, Sirs,
 In seeking for grandeur and fame ;
 The lads daily wander awa, Sirs,
 And leave their prim sweethearts at hame.

But now that the troubles are over,
 And we're likely again to have rest,
 I hope to get had of my rover,
 And grip him again to my breast :
 O then to the ewe brights shall Marion
 Hie aften dear Sandy wi thee ;
 And when thou art married to Marion,
 Ever blithsome and blest shall we be.

S O N G.

THE AMAZON.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall.

WHAT means this loud tumult, this constant alarm?

'Tis the foe to the amazons; arm, virgins, arm!
 With the helmet of virtue distinguish your brow,
 And the foes to our peace we shall quickly lay low;
 Vice and Folly their flags now display to full view,
 To conquer by prudence belongs now to you;
 In the fair field of Fame then exert ev'ry charm,
 And let the loud trumpet sound arm, virgins, arm.

Rear the standard of honour, the flag of our race,
 With the trophies we've won without blame or disgrace,
 When proudly those lords of the world would controul,

That charm of distinction, a woman's free soul;
 When we drove them inglorious away from the field,
 And by prudence and virtue compell'd them to yield;
 Then rouse to the battle, exert ev'ry charm,
 While the trumpet, loud founding, cries, arm, females, arm.

Thus the amazons once, as by poets we're told,
 In defence of their honour and conduct we're bold,
 Defied each vain coxcomb of powder and prate,
 And nobly determin'd to be a free state:
 Ye females of Britain, adopt the same plan,
 And thus prove the brightest example to man;
 To those who are worthy display ev'ry charm,
 But when others invade you, then arm, females, arm.

S O N G.

YO YEA.

A Sea Song.

I SAIL'D in the good ship the Kitty,
With a stiff-blowing gale and rough sea,
Left Polly the lads call so pretty,
Safe here at an anchor, yo yea.

Yo yea, yo yea.

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,
And cried, now be constant to me ;
I told her not to be down-hearted,
So up with the anchor, yo yea.

Yo yea, yo yea.

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,
And the storm came on weather and lee,
The hope I with her should be larboard,
Was my cable and anchor yo yea.

Yo yea, yo yea.

And yet, my boys, wou'd you believe me,
I return'd with no rhino from sea ;
My Polly wou'd never receive me,
So again I heav'd anchor, yo yea.

Yo yea, yo yea.

S O N G.

GIVE ME MY HEART BACK AGAIN.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall.

WHEN dewy morn, on moon-beams bright,
 Invite our nymphs to sport and play,
 To me their songs give no delight ;
 Love tunes my sad and mournful lay ;
 And all the day long
 I sing this sad song,
 Return to my arms my dear swain ;
 O love ! bring him here,
 To banish my care,
 Or give me my heart back again.

He promis'd he soon wou'd return,
 While tender sighs bespake his truth ;
 Yet still my Jemmy do I mourn ;
 I still lament the absent youth.
 And all the day long, &c.

Thus Jenny sung among the broom,
 Where list'ning stood her constant swain ;
 The lad came forth, she ken'd him soon,
 And caroll'd sweet her alter'd strain.
 Now all the day long
 Love and joy claims my song,
 For Jemmy once more cheers our plain ;
 Fond love brought him here,
 To banish my care,
 Not to give me my heart back again.

S O N G.

LABOUR IN VAIN.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.

IN search of some lambs from my flocks that had
stray'd,

One morning I roam'd o'er the plain,
But, alas! after all the enquiries I made,
I found it was labour in vain.

Then vex'd and fatigu'd I reclin'd in the shade,
And sung how young Colin the swain,
My love to obtain with endearments essay'd,
But he sigh'd, and he sooth'd me in vain.

Ah me! silly fool! thus I chid my coy heart;
Who cou'd let him unpitied complain?
And suffer a bosom untainted with art,
To despair, and still labour in vain?

From the copse, full of rapture, my Colin flew light,
Where he lurk'd, and had heard my fond strain,
Now, now, says he, Phœbe, my passion requite,
And no more let me labour in vain.

A blush gave my hand and my heart to the youth,
While he thank'd me and thank'd me again;
And now to deny a return to his truth,
Lack-a-day! it were labour in vain.

S O N G.

THE GIFT OF THE GODS.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall.

WHEN freedom was banish'd from Greece and
 from Rome,
 And wander'd neglected in search of a home,
 Jove, willing to fix her where long she might stand,
 Turn'd the globe round about to examine each land;
 With nice circumspection he view'd the whole ball,
 And weigh'd in his ballance the merit of all;
 Then quickly determin'd that England alone
 Was the spot well adapted for liberty's throne.

Gay Momus insisted, no place was more fit
 Than the island of Freedom for true attic wit;
 And Venus confess'd, if 'twere plealing to Jove,
 She wou'd wish to make England the empire for love;
 Then Mars nobly step'd from his mistress's side,
 And swore that the Britons in arms should preside;
 While Bacchus declar'd that such heart-cheering juice
 For the use of brave Englishmen he would produce.

To render complete all the blessings now past,
 And provide that they might to eternity last,
 'Twas resolv'd that a toast should that instant be giv'n,
 And drank in full bumpers of nectar thro' heav'n;
 The toast of the gods was, and mark it, ye free,—
 May Britons with Britons for ever agree!
 By their enemies then they shall always be fear'd,
 And with wine, wit, and women, incessantly cheer'd.

S O N G.

THE ROSES OF THIRTY-ONE.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall.

A TRUANT tar the world I've rang'd,
And flatter'd brightest eyes ;
From fair to black I've often chang'd,
And plighted vows and fighs.

From east to west, from north to south,
With ardour have I run ;
Sipp'd sweets delicious from each mouth,
But ne'er content with one.

I'm now reclaim'd, my compass stands,
Nor variation seeks ;
My heart is plighted with my hands,
My tongue but Emma speaks.

Maids in their teens I now resign,
By woman I am won ;
There are no roses so divine
As those of thirty-one.

S O N G.

JEMMY AND JENNY'S FAREWELL.

A PRELUDE TO AULD ROBIN GREY.

JEMMY.

FAREWELL! farewell!—that sigh
 Forbids me to depart;
 To fickle tempests fly,
 But leave with thee my heart.
 Thy love my heart still cheers,
 The magnet's not more true;
 The pilot widely steers,
 Yet my heart points to you.

JENNY.

Adieu! but not for aye;
 When present pleasure grew;
 With Jemmy all was gay;
 With Jemmy gayness flew.
 Ah! when will James return
 To gladden Jenny's heart?
 With woe 'till then I burn;
 What sadness 'tis to part!

BOTH.

And must we part?—farewell!—
 No kind embraces bear?—
 My anguish cease to tell?—
 Ah! cease whilst Jemmy's here!
 The fleeting hours soon past,
 Whilst Jemmy staid with me;
 The moments fly too fast,
 Now Jemmy's forc'd to sea.

M

S O N G.

RETURN, ENRAPTUR'D LOVE.

Composed by Major André, during his confinement.

RETURN, enraptur'd hours,
 When Delia's heart was mine ;
 When she with wreaths of flow'rs
 My temples did entwine !
 No jealousy nor care
 Corroded in my breast,
 And visions light as air
 Presided o'er my rest.

Since I'm remov'd from state,
 And bid adieu to time,
 At my unhappy fate
 Let Delia not repine ;
 But may the mighty Jove
 Her crown with happiness !
 This grant, ye pow'rs above !
 And take my soul to bliss !

Now, nightly round my bed,
 No airy visions play ;
 Nor flow'rets deck my head,
 Each vernal holiday :
 But far from these sad plains
 The lovely Delia flies,
 While rack'd with jealous pains
 Her wretched André dies.

S O N G.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

YE humdrums who sigh all your life-time away
 Without the kind warmth of brisk jollity's ray,
 Who with whining and pining grow stupid and flat,
 Accept the sweet balsam of—laugh and grow fat.

Laugh—ha! ha! ha! &c.

Of excellent virtues, and well known to cure
 Most griefs that the body or mind do endure;
 It doth ease all the troubles bad fortune begat,
 When once you're acquainted with—laugh and grow
 fat.

Laugh—ha! ha! ha! &c.

The methodist preacher, with well-feigned rage,
 May laugh at the folly and vice of the age;
 So dull is his nonsense, so formal his chat,
 That I am resolved to—laugh and grow fat.

Laugh—ha! ha! ha! &c.

Now come, you brisk souls, and assist me to draw,
 To lengthen the chorus of ha! ha! ha! ha!
 Tho' fortune frown on us, what care we for that?
 We scorn all its terrors, and—laugh and grow fat.

Laugh—ha! ha! ha! &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr, in Sherwood Forest.

WHEN ruddy Aurora awakens the day,
 And bright dew-drops impearl the flowers
 so gay,
 Sound, found, my stout archers, found horns, and away,
 With arrows sharp pointed we go.
 See Sol now arises in splendor so bright ;
 Io Pæan, for Phœbus who leads to delight,
 All glorious illumin'd now rises to fight ;
 'Tis he, boys, is god of the bow.

Fresh roses we'll offer at Venus's shrine ;
 Libations we'll pour to Bacchus divine ;
 While mirth, love, and pleasure, in junction combine,
 For archers, true sons of the game.
 Bid sorrow adieu, in soft numbers we'll sing ;
 Love, friendship, and beauty make the air ring,
 Wishing health and success to our country and king ;
 Encrease to their honour and fame.

S O N G.

THE PRIEST'S ADVICE.

Sung by Mr. Wilson.

YOU know I'm your priest, and your conscience
 is mine ;
 But if you grow wicked, it's not a good sign,
 So leave off your raking, and marry a wife,
 And then, my dear Darby, you're settled for life.
 Sing ballynamono oro,
 A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being publish'd to chapel we go,
 The bride and the bridegroom in coats white as snow;
 So modest her air, and so sheepish your look;
 You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.

Sing ballynamono oro,
 A good merry wedding for me.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away;
 She blushes at love, and she whispers, obey;
 You take her dear hand, to have and to hold;
 I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.

Sing ballynamono oro,
 That snug little guinea for me.

S O N G.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall.

THEN here's to thee, Tom, and now here's to
 thee, Will;

Since we're met let us sing, and let's merrily quaff;
 The bottle and bowl sha'n't a moment stand still;

Who knows when again we thus gaily may laugh?
 This day is our own—be the day without sorrow,
 For life, my brave boys, may be over to-morrow.

Whate'er you intend, or to do, or to say,

Make sure of the present, and all will go right,
 For he who has liv'd as he ought all the day,

May sleep with content on his pillow at night:
 Make sure of to-day, that the next may'nt be sorrow,
 Since life, my brave boys, may be over to-morrow.

Ye lovers who're young, and more so who are old,
 Neglect not a moment to make the fair kind ;
 For love has got wings, and your girls may be cold,
 If to-day you can't get them to be of your mind.
 If you lose but an hour, it may be to your sorrow ;
 Love and life, my brave boys, may be over to-morrow.

Then trust not to-morrow—to-morrow's not here—
 To-day is the season for business or play ;
 Who've not lost their time, can have nothing to fear ;
 Who think of to-morrow is losing to-day.
 Now, now is our own, nought of time let us borrow ;
 Let us live as if life should be over to-morrow.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Sherwood Forest.

WE'LL seek the bow'r of Robin Hood,
 And keep his bridal day,
 For cheerfully, in blithe Sherwood,
 The brides and bridesmen play :
 Then follow me, my bonny lads,
 And we'll the pastimes see ;
 For the min'strels sing,
 And the sweet bells ring,
 And they feast right merrily.

The humming beer flows round in pails,
 With mead that's stout and old,
 And am'rous virgins tell love tales,
 To thaw the heart that's cold :
 Then follow me, my bonny lads,
 And we'll the pastimes see ;
 For the min'strels sing,
 And the sweet bells ring,
 And they feast right merrily.

There dancing sprightly on the green,
 Each light-foot lad and lass ;
 Sly-stealing kisses, when unseen,
 And gingling glafs for glafs :
 Then follow me, my bonny lads,
 And we'll the pastimes see ;
 For the min'strels sing,
 And the sweet bells ring,
 And they feast right merrily.

S O N G.

THE FRIEND AND PITCHER.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Poor Soldier.

THE wealthy fool, with gold in store,
 Will still desire to grow richer ;
 Give me but these, I ask no more,
 My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
 With such, what mortal can be richer ?
 Give me but these, a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve,
 To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
 If that, when I come home at eve,
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
 I know not what can bewitch her ;
 With all my heart can I be poor,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher,
 My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
 With such, what mortal can be richer ?
 Give me but these, a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Wilson, in Sherwood Forest.

THEY call me honest Harry O ;
 Molly I will marry O ;
 In spite of Nell,
 Or Isabell,
 I'll follow my own vagary O ;
 With my rigdum, jigdum, airy O,
 I love little Mary O ;
 In spite of Nell,
 Or Isabell,
 I'll follow my own vagary O.

Straght she is, and bonny O,
 Sweet as sugar-candy O,
 Fresh and gay,
 As flow'rs in May,
 And I'm her jack a-dandy O ;
 With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.

Soon to church I'll bring her O,
 Where we'll wed together O ;
 And that done,
 'Then we'll have fun,
 In spite of wind or weather O ;
 With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Sherwood Forest.

MARGARETTA first possest,
 I remember well, my breast,
 With my row, dow, dow, derro ;
 With my restless heart next play'd
 Martha, wanton, floe-ey'd maid,
 With her tan tarara ro.

She to Catharine gave place ;
 Kate to Betsy's am'rous face ;
 With my row, &c.
 Mary then, and gentle Anne,
 Both to reign at once began,
 With their tan, &c.

Jenny next—a tyrant she ;
 But Rebecca set me free ;
 With my row, &c.
 In a week from her I fled,
 And took Judith in her stead,
 With her tan, &c.

She possess'd a wond'rous grace,
 But she wanted Susan's face,
 With my row, &c.
 Isabella's rolling eye
 Eclips'd Susan's presently,
 With her tan, &c.

Brown-skinn'd Bess I next obey'd,
 Then lov'd Nanny, red-hair'd maid,
 With me row, &c.
 None could bind me, I am free,
 Yet love all the fair I see,
 With my tan, &c.

S O N G.

MY NOSE.

Tune, *An ass, an ass.*

WHILE people call'd poets, in blank verse or
 rhyme,
 Pindarics or epics compose,
 And celebrate heroes in sonnets sublime,
 My subject is, simply,—my nose.

The large nose and long one, thereby hangs a tale,
 A tale the old scholiasts suppose ;
Ex noscitur naso—but proverbs may fail ;
 I find it in faith—by my nose.

The boys of conceit blushing merit deride,
 For coxcombs are Modesty's foes ;
 I challenge the sons and the daughters of Pride,
 To move such a—muscular nose.

Prometheus, 'tis said, form'd our animal clay ;
 For quick'ning to Æther he rose ;
 I fear that some 'prentice, when he was away,
 A little aside shov'd—my nose.

I presume—but, perhaps, 'tis presumption to say ;
 I even presume to suppose,
 I should set myself up in a song-singing way,
 When I ought to set down with—my nose.

My song therefore ends—now a toast with your leave—
 May wisdom our councils compose !
 May Britons be friends, and forget and forgive,
 And at faction each turn up—his nose.

S O N G.

THE SAILOR'S ADIEU.

DISTRESS me with those tears no more ;
 One kiss, my love, and then adieu ;
 The last boat destin'd for the shore
 Waits, dearest girl, alone for you :
 Soon, soon before the light winds borne,
 Shall I be sever'd from your sight ;
 You left the lonely hours to mourn,
 And weep thro' many a stormy night.

When far along the restless deep,
 In trim array the ship shall steer,
 Your form, remembrance still shall keep ;
 Your worth, affection still revere :
 And, with the distance from your eyes,
 My love for you shall be increas'd,
 As to the pole the needle lies,
 And, farthest off, still varies least.

While round the bowl the cheerful crew
 Shall sing of triumphs on the main,
 My thoughts shall fondly turn to you—
 Of you alone shall be my strain :
 And when we've bow'd the leaguering foe,
 Revengeful for our country's wrong,
 Returning home, my heart shall shew
 No fiction grac'd my artless song.

S O N G.

THE CHOICE OF THREE LOVERS.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

THE choice of three lovers I have to be sure—
 One is rich, one is handsome, and one very poor;
 This is old—this is young—the other half way;
 One is wise, one is witty, and one is yea nay.

Love lives not with poverty, oft I've been told,
 Nor can it with age, tho' surrounded with gold;
 The handsome and witty are each fond of self,
 So I'll neither chuse poverty, beauty, nor pelf.

But give me the man who is blest with good sense,
 The raptures of life are still flowing from thence;
 Tho' plain in his person, not rich, nor yet poor,
 I'll give him my hand, still to love and adore.

I'll dress me in smiles and good-humour each day,
 Or grieve when he grieves, and be gay when he's gay;
 With the fondest affection attend him thro' life,
 And prove, by example, what is a good wife.

S O N G.

A PASTORAL.

The words by Mr. Cunningham.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren,
and bare,

As wearied and wilder'd I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home.

And leads me, &c.

Yellow sheafs from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on the floor ;
Her casements sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seat at her door.

And deck'd the, &c.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best ;
Whilst thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slyly stole into my breast.

Love slyly, &c.

I told my soft wishes—she sweetly replied,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine)
I have rich ones rejected, and great ones denied ;
Yet take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.

Yet take me, &c.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek ;
So simple tho' sweet were her charms ;
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

And lock'd the, &c.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep ;
 And if on the banks by the stream,
 Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
 Her image still softens my dream.

Her image, &c.

Together we range o'er the flow-rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views,
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distills,
 And marks out new themes for my muse.

And marks out, &c.

To pomp, or proud titles, she ne'er cou'd aspire ;
 The damsel's of humble descent ;
 The cottager Peace is well known for her fire ;
 The shepherds have nam'd her Content.

The shepherds, &c.

S O N G.

DARBY, THE BEAU.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Poor Soldier.

SINCE Kathleen has prov'd so untrue,
 Poor Darby ! ah ! what can you do ?
 No longer I'll stay here a clown,
 But sell off, and gallop to town ;
 I'll dress, and I'll strut with an air ;
 The barber shall frizzle my hair.

In town I shall cut a great dash ;
 But how for to compass the cash ?
 At gaming, perhaps, I may win ;
 With cards I can take the flats in ;
 Or trundle false dice, and they're nick'd ;
 If found out, I shall only be kick'd.

But first, for to get a great name,
 A duel establish my fame ;
 To my man then a challenge I'll write—
 But first I'll be sure he won't fight ;
 We'll swear not to part till we fall ;
 Then shoot without powder, and the devil a ball.

S O N G.

JOCKEY AND MOGGY.

YOUNG Jockey he courted sweet Moggy so fair ;
 The lass she was lovely, the swain debonaire ;
 They hugg'd and they cuddled, and talk'd with their
 eyes,
 And look'd as all lovers do, wonderful wise.

And look'd as, &c.

A fortnight was spent ere dear Moggy came to,
 For maidens a decency keep when they woo ;
 At length she consented, and made him a vow,
 And Jockey, he gave for a jointure, his cow.

And Jockey, &c.

They pannell'd their dobbins, and rode to the fair,
 Still kissing and fondling until they came there ;
 They call'd on the parson, and by him were wed,
 And Moggy she took her dear Jockey to bed.

And Moggy, &c.

They staid there a week, as the neighbours all say,
 And none were so happy and game some as they ;
 Then home they return'd, but return'd most unkind,
 For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind.

For Jockey, &c.

Surpriz'd at this treatment, she cried, Gaffer Jock,
 Pray what is the reason that Moggy you mock ?
 Quoth he, goose, come on, why you now are my bride ;
 And when volks are wed, they set fooling aside.

And when volks, &c.

He home took his Moggy, good conduct to learn,
 Who brush'd up the house, while he thatch'd the old
 barn ;

They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,
 And now live as man and wife usually do.

And now live, &c.

S O N G.

GOOD-MORROW TO YOUR NIGHT-CAP.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

DEAR Kathleen, you, no doubt,
Find sleep how very sweet 'tis;
Dogs bark, and cocks have crow'd out;
You never dream how late 'tis.

This morning gay
I post away,
To have with you a bit of play:
On two legs rid
Along, to bid
Good-morrow to your night-cap.

Last night a little bowfy
With whisky, ale, and cyder,
I ask'd young Betty Blowzy
To let me sit beside her;
Her anger rose,
And four as floes,
The little gypsy cock'd her nose;
Yet here I've rid
Along, to bid
Good-morrow to your night-cap.

Beneath the honey-suckle,
The daisy and the violet
Compose so sweet a truckle,
They'll tempt you sure to spoil it.
Sweet Sal and Bell
I've pleas'd so well—
But hold, I must'nt kifs and tell;
So here I've rid
Along, to bid
Good-morrow to your night-cap.

S O N G.

THE SAILOR'S DELIGHT.

COME, all my brave lads, away quickly come,
 At the sound of the fife, or the beat of a drum ;
 We'll fight for Royal George, if we die by our guns,
 On board of a man of war.

All you that are in limbo for drinking of good ale,
 Come and enter with us—we've a sweet and pleasant
 gale ;

We'll pay off all your debts with a flying top-sail,
 On board of a man of war.

We'll hoist up our jack, and our pendants we'll let fly,
 And fight the French and Spaniards, if any we come
 nigh ;

Let more powder and more shot be the whole of the cry,
 On board of a man of war.

On our way in the night, as we're plowing of the deep,
 A Spanish galloon we may chance for to meet,
 While you, ye lazy landmen, lay snoring asleep,
 Not on board of a man of war.

When the battle it is o'er, then we that do survive,
 Bring home our gold and silver to sweethearts or to
 wives ;

And this is the way jolly sailors spend their lives
 On board of a man of war.

S O N G.

THE REPRISALS.

Tune, Come, rouse, brother sportsmen.

COME, rouse, brother tars, hark! the seamen all cry;
We're order'd to fight, let us conquer or die;
The trumpet's bold notes, and the cannon's loud roar
Will chide the dull landsmen for ling'ring on shore.

Revenge has just sent us a prosperous gale,
Directs all our thunders, and fills ev'ry sail;
She soon will assure us we arm not in vain,
And make us all rich with the spoils of the main.

Leave, leave, my brave messmates, the smiles of the fair;
'Tis George that demands all the heart you can spare;
Then tell them that love must to hunting give place;
Soon beauty shall welcome the conq'ror's embrace.

To fame, jovial hunters, your sports ye must yield;
Here glory awaits you on Ocean's wide field;
We've an excellent chace, nobler game we've in view;
'Tis Frenchmen that fly, while we Britons pursue.

Look yonder! look yonder! Monsieur is in fight!
Let's haste to bear down, and prepare for the fight;
But coward-like Frenchmen ne'er wait for the blow;
They, failing of speed, humbly strike to their foe.

Like sons of Old England, once more we resume
The humbling their flags to our high-riding broom:
Thy fleets, haughty Louis, have giv'n us our cue,
And pleas'd, thus we make the reprisals long due.

S O N G.

THE JOLLY WATERMAN.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman
 Who at Black-friars bridge us'd for to ply?
 He feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
 Winning his heart, and delighting his eye;
 He look'd so neat, and he row'd so steadily;
 The maidens all flock'd to his boat so readily;
 And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming an air,
 That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry—
 'Twas clean'd out so neat, and painted withall;
 He was always first oars, when the fine city ladies
 In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall:
 And oftentimes wou'd they be giggling and leering,
 But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing or jeering;
 For loving, or liking, he little did care,
 For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen—
 As he row'd along thinking of nothing at all,
 He was ply'd by a damsel, so lovely and charming,
 That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he did fall:
 And wou'd this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
 He'd wed her to-night, before it was morrow;
 Then how should this waterman ever know care,
 When he's married, and never in want of a fare?

S O N G.

FATHER PAUL.

LET grave divines preach up dull rules,
And moral wit refine,
The precepts taught in Roman schools
We friars here define.

CHORUS.

Here's a health to Father Paul !
For flowing bowls
Inspire the souls
Of jolly friars all.

When in the convent we are met
We laugh, we joke, and sing ;
All worldly cares we there forget,
For Father Paul's our king.

Chorus, *Here's a health, &c.*

No absolution we will give,
Ye blue-ey'd nuns so fair ;
No benediction here receive,
But banish all your care.

Chorus, *Here's a health, &c.*

With beads and cross, not held divine,
We pray with fervent zeal,
To rosy Bacchus, god of wine,
Who does each joy reveal.

Chorus, *Here's a health, &c.*

May ev'ry friar please his nun !

Each nun her friar please !

And each alike, enjoy the fun,

With freedom and with ease.

Chorus, *Here's a health, &c.*

'Then' fill your bumpers, sons of mirth,

Let friars be the toast ;

Long may they all exist on earth,

And nuns their order boast !

Chorus, *Here's a health, &c.*

S O N G.

THE MILLER ASLEEP IN HIS MILL.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.

MY eyes may speak pleasure,
Tongue flow without measure,
Yet my heart in my bosom lies still ;
Thus the river is flowing,
The mill-clapper going,
But the miller's asleep in his mill.

Tho' lovers surround me,
With speeches confound me,
Yet my heart in my bosom lies still ;
Thus the river is flowing,
The mill-clapper going,
But the miller's asleep in his mill.

The little god eyes me,
 And thinks to surprise me,
 But my heart is awake in my breast ;
 Thus boys, flyly creeping,
 Would catch the bird sleeping,
 But the linnet's awake in his nest.

S O N G.

THE SAILOR'S SONG.

COME, push the bowl about ;
 In that we'll drown our care, my boys ;
 Come, push the bowl about ;
 Drink deep, and see it out :
 The liquor's found ;
 'Twill raise your spirits higher, boys,
 To fight, kill, or wound.
 May we e'er be found
 Rejoicing in our fate, my boys,
 On sea, or ground !

Why, messmates, why
 Should we be melancholy, boys ?
 Why, messmates, why ?
 Decreed to live or die !
 What ! flinching ? fie !
 D—n care, drink on, be jovial, boys ;
 'Tis he, you, or I ;
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry :
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly.

Let Fate decide !
 I mean not to upbraid ye, boys,
 Whate'er betide :
 No sailor shall complain :
 Should next broadside
 Send us to him that made us, boys,
 We're free from pain ;
 But if we remain,
 A bowl, and a kind doxy, do
 Cure all again.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Quick, in Sherwood Forest.

THE lasses are mad, the archers are mad,
 For nimbly footing the ground, Sir ;
 In merry Sherwood no soul shall be sad,
 While harps with melody sound, Sir.

In merry, &c.

We'll tipple till mad, then madly sing
 Madrigals, catches, and glees, Sir ;
 Chaunt out, like mad, till the welkin ring,
 Under the mistletoe-tree, Sir.

Chaunt out, &c.

We fight like mad, when we fall on our foes,
 Shoot arrows wing'd like the wind, Sir ;
 The fat fallow deer can't escape our bows,
 Nor in swiftness, safety find, Sir.

The fat fallow, &c.

Then madly we'll sing, and madly we'll dance,
And madly all roar out, Sir ;
And madly make our enemies prance,
If mad to try a bout, Sir.

And madly, &c.

Brave Scarlet is mad, stout Allen is mad,
And John's as mad as the best, Sir ;
Maidens run mad, our hearts are glad ;
Stark mad shall be ev'ry guest, Sir.

Maidens run, &c.

S O N G.

THE VENUS OF TOTTERDOWN-HILL.

AT Totterdown-hill there dwelt an old pair,
And it may be they dwell there still,
Much riches indeed didn't fall to their share ;
They kept a small farm and a mill :
But fully content with what they did get,
They knew not of guile or of arts ;
One daughter they had, and her name it was Bet,
And she was the pride of their hearts.

Nut-brown were her locks, her shape it was straight,
Her eyes were as black as a floe ;
Her teeth were milk-white, full smart was her gait,
And sleek was her skin as a doe.
All thick were the clouds, and the rain did pour,
No bit of true blue could be spied,
A child, wet and cold, came and knock'd at the door,
Its mam it had lost, and it cried.

Young Bet was as mild as the mornings of May—
 The babe she hugg'd close to her breast;
 She chaf'd him all o'er, and smil'd as he lay;
 She kiss'd him, and lull'd him to rest:
 But who do you think she had got for her prize?
 Why, Love, the fly master of arts!
 No sooner he wak'd, but he dropp'd his disguise,
 And shew'd her his wings and his darts.

Quoth he, I am Love; but, oh! be not afraid,
 Tho' all I make shake at my will;
 So good and kind have you been, my fair maid,
 No harm shall you feel from my skill:
 My mother ne'er dealt with such fondness by me—
 A friend you shall find in me still;
 Take my quiver and shoot—be greater than she,
 The Venus of Totter-down-hill.

S O N G.

Sung at Astley's Riding-School.

COME, my lads, with souls befitting,
 Let us never be dismay'd,
 But avenge the wrongs of Britain,
 And support her injur'd trade.

Five French ships, with all their treasure,
 Now, my boys, submit to fate;
 Rodney's conduct gives us pleasure,
 And the vict'ry proves him great.

On the gallant Howe depending,
 We the crafty Dutch will tame ;
 And, affronted vengeance sending,
 Shew the world Old England's fame.

With loud peals of British thunder,
 Rattling on each hostile shore,
 Britain's foes shall still knock under,
 Nor shall dare insult us more.

S O N G.

HAPPY HOURS.

HAPPY hours, all hours excelling,
 When retir'd from crowds and noise,
 Happy is that silent dwelling,
 Fill'd with self-possessing joys.

Happy's that contented creature
 Who with fewest things is pleas'd,
 And consults the voice of Nature,
 When of roving fancies eas'd.

Ev'ry passion wisely moving,
 Just as reason turns the scale ;
 Ev'ry state of life improving,
 That no anxious thoughts prevail.

Happy man, who thus possessing
 Life with some companion dear ;
 Joy imparted still increases,
 Griefs, when told, soon disappear.

S O N G.

OF A BAD BARGAIN MAKE THE BEST.

FILL your glasses, banish grief,
 Laugh, and worldly care despise ;
 Sorrow ne'er can bring relief ;
 Joy from drinking will arise :
 Why should we, with wrinkled care,
 Change what Nature made so fair ?
 Drink, and set your hearts at rest—
 Of a bad bargain make the best.

Some pursue the winged wealth,
 Some to honour do aspire ;
 Give me freedom, give me health,
 There's the sum of my desire :
 What the world can more present
 Will not add to my content :
 Drink, and set your hearts at rest—
 Peace of mind is always best.

Busy brains we know, alas !
 With imaginations run,
 Like the sand in th' hour-glass,
 Turn'd, and turn'd, and still runs on ;
 Never knowing where to stay,
 But uneasy every way :
 Drink, and set your hearts at rest—
 Peace of mind is always best.

Mirth, when mingled with our wine,
 Makes the heart alert and free ;
 Let it rain, or snow, or shine,
 Still the same thing 'tis to me.
 There's no fence against our fate ;
 Changes daily on us wait :
 Drink, and set your hearts at rest—
 Of a bad bargain make the best.

S O N G.

HOURS OF LOVE.

MORNING.

COME, come, my fair one, let us stray,
 And taste the sweets of early day ;
 Young Health, the rosy child of Morn,
 With blushes shall thy cheeks adorn.

With blushes, &c.

Look, look abroad—behold, 'tis day !
 See ! on yon lawn the lambkins play ;
 Now ev'ry linnet of the grove
 Charms the list'ning swain to love.

Charms the, &c.

Wak'd by the gentle voice of love—
 Arise, my fair, arise and prove,
 The dear delights fond lovers know,
 The best of blessings here below.

The best of, &c.

NOON.

HUSH, ev'ry breeze ! let nothing move !
 My Delia sings, and sings of love ;
 Around the winning graces wait,
 And calm Contentment guards the feat.

Hush, ev'ry, &c.

In the sweet shade my Delia stay—
 You'll scorch those charms more sweet than May ;
 The sun now rages in his noon—
 'Tis pity, 'tis pity, sure, to part so soon.

'Tis pity, &c.

O hear me, Delia, hear me now ;
 Incline propitious to my vow :
 So may thy charms no changes prove,
 But bloom for ever, like my love.

But bloom for, &c.

EVENING.

NIGHT assumes her gloomy reign—
 Now shadows lengthen o'er the plain :
 We'll to the myrtle grove repair,
 For Peace and Pleasure waits us there.

For peace and, &c.

To some clear river's verdant side
 Do thou my happy footsteps guide ;
 In concert with the purling stream
 We'll sing, and love shall be our theme.

We'll sing, and, &c.

There, lost in extacies of joy,
 While tend'rest scenes our thoughts employ ;
 We'll bless the hour our loves begun,
 The happy hour that made us one.

NIGHT.

NIGHT reigns around in Sleep's soft arms ;
 The village swain forgets his care ;
 Sleep that the sting of sorrows charms,
 And heals all sadness but despair.
 Despair alone her power denies,
 And when the sun withdraws his rays,
 To the wild beach distracted flies,
 Or cheerless thro' the desert strays.

Or cheerless, &c.

Wrapp'd in the solitary gloom,
 Retir'd from life's fantastic crew,
 Resign'd I'll wait my final doom,
 And bid the busy world adieu.
 The world has now no charms for me,
 Nor can life now one pleasure boast,
 Since all my eyes desir'd to see,
 My wish, my hope, my all is lost.

My wish, my, &c.

Must then each woman faithless prove,
 And each fond lover be undone ?
 Are vows no more almighty love ?
 The sad remembrance let me shun :
 Let her be blest with health and ease,
 Which all your bounty has in store !
 Let sorrow cloud my future days !
 Be Stella blest ! I ask no more.

Be Stella, &c.

S O N G.

CHLOE'S KISSES.

DEAR Chloe, come give me sweet kisses,
 For sweeter no girl ever gave;
 But why, in the midst of my blisses,
 Do you ask me how many I'd have?
 I'm not to be stinted in pleasure—
 Then prithee, dear Chloe, be kind!
 For since I love thee beyond measure,
 To numbers I'll not be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
 Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields;
 Count the flocks that on Tempê are straying,
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields;
 Count how many stars are in heaven,
 Go number the sands on the shore;
 And when so many kisses you've given,
 I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;
 In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
 And twist round thy neck like a vine.
 What joy can be greater than this is!
 My life on thy lips shall be spent;
 But the wretch who can number his kisses
 Will always with few be content.

S O N G.

CUPID TRIUMPHANT.

NOW's the time for mirth and glee,
 Sing, and love, and laugh with me ;
 Cupid is my theme of story ;
 'Tis his godship's fame and glory ;
 How all yield unto his law !
 Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

O'er the grave, and o'er the gay
 Cupid takes his share of play ;
 He makes heroes quit their glory ;
 He's the god most fam'd in story ;
 Bending them unto his law.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! &c.

Sly the urchin deals his darts,
 Without pity—piercing hearts :
 Cupid triumphs over passions,
 Not regarding modes or fashions :
 Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! &c.

Some may think these lines not true,
 But they're facts—'twixt me and you :
 Then, ye maids, and men, be wary,
 How you meet before you marry :
 Cupid's will is solely law.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! &c.

NEW TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

MAY we draw upon Content for the deficiencies of Fortune.

May we learn to be frugal before we are obliged to be so.

May the desires of our hearts be virtuous, and those desires be gratified.

Riches without pride, or poverty without meanness.

May we breakfast with Health, dine with Friendship, crack a bottle with Mirth, and sup with the goddess Contentment.

May we always forget when we forgive an injury.

May we never desire what we cannot obtain.

May we treat our friends with kindness, and our enemies with generosity,

To the honest fellow, that loves his bottle at night, and his business in the morning.

May we fly from the temptations which we cannot resist.

May virtue be our armour when wickedness is our assailant.

A good horse, a warm house, a snug estate, and a pretty wife, to every man that deserves them.

Perdition to the man that owes his greatness to his country's ruin.

The cause of liberty throughout the world.

All Fortune's daughters but the eldest.

Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

Love to one, friendship to a few, and good-will to all.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.

May we never seek applause from party principles, but always deserve it from public spirit.

May our benevolence be bounded only by our fortune.

May temptation never conquer virtue..

T O A S T S, &c.

May the honest heart never feel distress.

Friendship without interest, and love without deceit.

Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our taste.

May Public Spirit be supported by the Constitution,
and the Constitution be upheld with Public spirit.

Pleasures that please on reflection.

Merit to gain a heart, and sense to keep it.

Addition to our trade, Multiplication to our manu-
factories, Subtraction to our taxes, and Reduction
to our useless pensions and places.

May a virtuous offspring succeed to mutual and ho-
nourable love.

General Elliot, and the brave garrison of Gibraltar.

Virtue for a guide, and Fortune for an attendant.

Love without fear, and life without care.

May Great Britain and America be inseparable.

May we never be influenced by jealousy, nor go-
verned by interest.

Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful.

Good luck till we are tir'd of it.

May Reason be the pilot, when Passion blows the gale;
And Prudence the cockswain, when Love fills the sail.

Sunshine and good-humour all the world over.

Those who love pleasure and contribute to it.

The woman we love, and the friend we dare trust.

May we be happy when alone, and cheerful when in
company.

To the true patriot, who dies with pleasure for his
country's good.

May the trade of this country increase, and be sup-
ported by Unity, Peace, and Concord.

F I N I S.

Roundelay or the New Syren a collection of choice songs including the
modern

London [ca. 1780]

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